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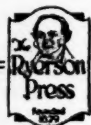
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CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN	Thoreau MacDonald
LIBERAL CLAIMS AND CONSERVATIVE CHANCES	Richard de Brisay
NOTES AND COMMENT	
IMPERIALISM IN TRANSITION	Norman McL. Rogers
POEMS	Dorothy Livesay
JAPANESE FISHERMEN IN BRITISH COLUMBIA	Hozumi Yonemura
O CANADA	F. H. U.
THE STRAW MAN	Colin Groff
THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY	E. A. Havelock
THE PASSING OF JOHN McCUISE	Marius Barbeau
SHALL WE ADOPT THE FRENCH DOCTORATE?	E. K. Brown
FUGITIVE BEAUTY	H. K. Gordon
A FORT EDMONTON DIARY	
PORTRAIT OF THE LATE ROBERT HOLMES	
FAREWELL	C. V. Pilcher
PREFERENCES	Inconstant Reader
A HYACINTH FOR EDITH	A. J. M. Smith
THE NEW WRITERS—E. E. CUMMINGS	Bertram Brooker
POEMS	IVAN McNEIL
BOOKS	
THE READER'S FORUM	
THE LITTLE THEATRES	Edited by R. Keith Hicks

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Vol. X.

PICKERING, JULY, 1930

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LIBERAL CLAIMS AND CONSERVATIVE CHANCES

WHATEVER turn may be given the election campaign in its later stages by desperate combatants, practical economic considerations will probably govern the issue. The trade depression continues, and dull times always bring a certain resentment against the Ministry in power, but Mr. King has timed the election to take place when employment should be at its peak and most of the voters outside the disciplined party ranks will back the side whose policy they feel will do most for Canadian trade and industry. Canada, more than most nations, lives by her foreign trade, and the depression we have experienced here has been due to a world condition which has raised the unemployment figures in the United States to 4,000,000, in Germany to 2,500,000, and in Great Britain to 1,740,000. Our condition in Canada is very favourable by comparison, but most of our people do not compare their present circumstances to those of other nations but to their own of last summer; and judged by that standard of course the present depression seems severe. Also, it may be aggravated by the new American tariff which threatens to restrict our exports to the U.S.A. To meet these conditions powerful interests, agricultural and industrial, have simultaneously clamoured for restrictions on imports which cut into their home markets and for the enlargement of their foreign markets to permit the expansion of their export trade. The politico-economic puzzle thus presented has been given very different treatment by our two political parties.

* * *

THE Conservatives, either from habit or from sheer hopelessness of solving such a riddle, declare that the National Policy of Sir John A. Macdonald as laid down in 1878 is still the key to our national prosperity, and they stand pat on that. They are very free with vague promises of prosperity, but higher protection is their one definite remedy. This may satisfy the interests who want our imports restricted but it is cold comfort for the interests whose prosperity depends on the expansion of our foreign trade and on a low cost of living. These interests include our farmers, miners, lumbermen, fishermen,

and a great mass of workers in plants associated with our basic industries; the farmers are so organized as to be a major political factor, and while the workers in the other primary industries are not organized effectively, their interests in this matter at least are taken care of by the captains of industry who control their destinies. Behind these basic and great exporting industries are powerful financial interests. Clearly, these people must be given consideration by a political party which hopes to secure power, and, recognizing this, our Liberals have made a heroic effort to solve the enigma confronting them. They have forsaken their free-trade traditions to satisfy the steel interests' clamour for additional protection on primary iron and steel products, but they have refused to endanger our foreign trade or increase the cost of living by raising duties on finished manufactured articles. They have given the dairy farmers and the fruit and vegetable growers protection on their products, but when the wheat-growers protested against the fruit and vegetable duties they restored harmony by telling the two agricultural groups to settle their differences between themselves and adopting their recommendations. They have pleased the low-tariff interests by increasing the British Preference on all articles not made in Canada and they have placated the high-tariff interests by maintaining our protective duties on all articles made in Canada.

* * *

IF the Liberals have imposed the new countervailing duties against American products more to satisfy the popular clamour for retaliation than in any belief that they will benefit Canadian producers, they are more sincere in their endeavours to promote our trade with those countries which are ready to trade with us. If we are to lose some of our export trade with the U.S.A., it would not help us merely to raise our own general tariff as the Conservatives propose. We must find another market to replace the one we lose. Hence the Liberal policy of trying to switch some of our import trade from the United States to the Empire by increasing the British Preference. If we buy more from the Empire, the Empire will buy more from us, and any loss suffered by our exporters through the new American tariff will be made good. The Liberals' attempt to solve the national riddle is perhaps more

striking politically than economically; to make it they have sacrificed their free-trade principles and the tattered remnants of any reputation they may have possessed for consistency; but at least it is an attempt to meet present-day problems which can hardly be solved by the mere application of Sir John A. Macdonald's policy of 1878. And the Liberals have not made the mistake of ignoring the consumer. Too many Conservatives, on the other hand, still make the error of claiming that there are no consumers as distinct from producers. 'Who is the consumer?' is a question often posed by our high-protectionists, 'In a nation of producers, who are the consumers?' The answer is, of course, that wives are the consumers. There must be close on two million of them in Canada and they swing a thumping vote. It is for these lynx-eyed guardians of the family budget that the Liberals have cut the duties on tea, china, enamelled-ware, and other necessities. It is true that these reductions may be more than counteracted when the raised duties on butter and eggs are added to those on vegetables; but the tariff cuts on tea etc. are already in operation whereas the tariff increase on butter will not be operative until October and that on eggs will not be felt until the rigours of winter force our Canadian hens to slow up production. Polling-day is July 28.

* * *

IN 1911, when the Liberals went to the country on a platform of trade expansion with the United States, even Laurier could not prevent the Conservatives from smothering the economic issue in a flood of patriotic oratory and Imperialistic sentiment. But on this occasion the position is reversed; it is the Empire with which our Liberals are proposing to increase our trade, and it is against the United States that they are raising trade barriers. Under these circumstances, for the Conservatives to repeat their parrot cry that the Liberal policy is made in Washington is mere folly; and they cannot wave the flag for the very good reason that Mr. King has got a good tight hold on it himself and does not mean to let it go. As we have pointed out before in these columns, the Liberals' position on Imperial issues is now impregnable in its consistency; with all limitations on our autonomy removed and with Canada recognized as a nation within the Commonwealth, the Liberals cheerfully preach a policy of Empire co-operation, and the increase in the British Preference is a proof of their sincerity. But, under Mr. Bennett's leadership the Conservative position on Empire issues is weaker than ever. Mr. Bennett still makes old-fashioned Imperialistic speeches in which he insists that Canada is not a nation and enlarges eloquently on our debt to 'the little isles in the North Sea'; but when it comes to a question of paying some of that debt in a practical way by buying more British goods he denounces the idea with a stern shout of 'Canada First!'

* * *

SINCE the Conservatives have been out-generalled on economic and Imperial issues, their best chance of making gains in this election would seem to lie in raising some pertinent social issue, and fortune has provided them with two if they care to use them. The first one centres on labour conditions in Canadian industries. When the coal bounty and the increases of 66-2/3 per cent. and 80 per cent. in the steel duties were under discussion in Parliament, the Labour mem-

bers urged that these new benefits should only be given the steel companies under strict guarantees that the working conditions of the men should be improved. In very able speeches Mr. Woodsworth and Mr. Heaps described the present plight of the steel-workers, which, in Nova Scotia particularly, is nothing less than appalling. These men are poorly paid and in most cases wretchedly housed; to earn a miserable living they must work ten or twelve hours a day in a literally infernal environment, and those engaged on the continuous processes must work on 11-13 hour shifts with a 24 hour shift once a fortnight when they change over. Their general employment and living conditions would not be tolerated for a moment by the union labour of our larger cities; yet although these conditions have existed for years with all their attendant social troubles, although Parliament is reminded of them annually by the Labour members, and more than one Government Commission has recommended ameliorative action, nothing has ever been done to better them. If they cannot be bettered, is it not infamous that our Government, by granting the companies further bounties and protection, should attempt to build up a greater steel industry which will impose these abominable conditions on more thousands of workers? If they can be bettered, surely now is the time for the Government to insist on the employers setting their industry in order. It is a national disgrace that such conditions of labour should exist ten years after our Parliament unanimously endorsed the labour conventions of the Treaty of Versailles which included the eight hour day. Here is a chance for our Conservatives to prove themselves the friends of labour; here is a good fighting issue for them to campaign on!

* * *

JUDGING by the way the Conservatives treated this question in the House of Commons, we hardly expect that they will make labour conditions an issue in the election campaign. But there is another social issue for them to fight on if they have the pluck, and that is the Beauharnois deal. During the last week of the parliamentary session, Mr. Gardiner, the Progressive leader, made a sensational speech in which he outlined from authoritative sources the development of the Beauharnois Light, Heat, and Power Company and the Beauharnois Power Corporation. He showed that the group of financiers controlling these enterprises, having been granted rights by the Quebec and Dominion Governments to develop roughly a quarter of the power available in the Soulages section of the St. Lawrence, had capitalized their undertaking on a scale that could only be justified if they were assured the entire flow of the river. By the order-in-council passed in March 1929 the Dominion Government had only granted the Company the right to 40,000 cubic feet per second, a flow which should develop approximately 500,000 horse-power; the engineer's reports showed that the net cost of the works required for this development would be about \$50,000,000; yet the securities of the Beauharnois Light, Heat, and Power Company and the Beauharnois Power Corporation were now valued by great financial houses at \$380,000,000. Mr. Garland of Bow River, following his leader in the attack, read extracts from the prospectuses of the Company and its agents which would certainly lead the security-buying public to believe that the entire flow of 200,000 cubic feet per second would

eventually be secured and 2,000,000 h.p. developed for distribution. He asked the Prime Minister whether his Government had any agreement with the Beauharnois interests which would warrant their assumption that they would be given the entire flow of the St. Lawrence River? Mr King said No. Mr. Garland asked the leader of the opposition the same question. Mr. Bennett also said No. Mr. Garland then demanded that the Government rescind the order-in-council granting the original rights, and cancel the incorporation of the Beauharnois Power Corporation. Mr. Woodsworth pressed for an investigation by the Department of Justice. Mr. Bennett made an impassioned speech in which he denounced this raid upon the country's resources and demanded a judicial inquiry. Here then is a rousing issue for him to carry to the country.

* * *

IF the Beauharnois group have no assurance that they are to get the entire 2,000,000 h.p. of the St. Lawrence flow, then their financing is outrageous and has all the appearance of a colossal swindle. If they have the assurance that they will get the whole power, then the greatest of our national power resources has been alienated without the public knowing it. The Government's reply to its critics left this question still obscure; but our common sense would lead us to believe that the facts are as follows: the Beauharnois group have the assurance of the Quebec Provincial Government that they shall be given the whole of the water-power; the Quebec Government is assured that the Dominion Government will approve the grants of the further blocks of the water-power as they are required; in return for all the power the Beauharnois interests will build that section of the St. Lawrence Waterway when the Dominion Government is ready to put it through; and the Ontario Government is assured its fair share of the total power at a price not exceeding that which it is to pay for the block of 250,000 h.p. it has already contracted for. While Mr. Sweezy and his original associates seem to have got securities worth potentially \$104,000,000 in return for the \$27,000,000 cash they put up, we do not believe that the Beauharnois Power Corporation as now constituted is out to swindle the public but that it is merely financing a gigantic development at the usual rate of financial return under our present system. The vital question is whether the bulk of the water-power on the St. Lawrence can yet be saved for development at cost under public ownership; and considering that Quebec's claim to the water-power has never been legally confirmed, there is a chance that it can be. With Senators MacDougald and Haydon prominently associated with the Beauharnois Corporation, we do not think that the power will be saved for the public by Mr King's party: the chance to save it lies with Mr. Bennett's. Our Conservatives have the opportunity to fight an election on a real issue for once, if they have the courage to seize it.

RICHARD DE BRISAY.



NOTES AND COMMENT

THE WORK OF THE SESSION

THE fourth and last session of our sixteenth parliament was a short one, but more productive than many in legislative achievement. The ancient controversies between the Federal and Provincial Governments over the return to the western provinces of their natural resources were brought to a happy end at last, new legislation was enacted and amendments to the Pensions Act made which together meet the fair claims of all classes of disabled war veterans, the consolidation of the Grain Act was effected to the satisfaction of the wheat-growers, a mutually satisfactory agreement with the United States to preserve the sockeye salmon industry for British Columbia was put through, and the passing of the Fair Wages and Eight Hour Day Act, governing all work under Federal contract, sets an example for the provinces which have so far refused to adopt the international labour conventions. Also, divorce courts were at last secured for the Province of Ontario, in the teeth of opposition from many of her own representatives in the House of Commons. This last was a great triumph for Mr. Woodsworth of Winnipeg, whose disinterested and brilliant generalship was the decisive factor in a struggle that split party lines, set the whole House by the ears, and drew from the back-benchers on both sides some of the most extraordinary professions of muddled principles and politics that have ever been heard at Ottawa. The credit for the expeditious passage of much important legislation is shared by the Government and the opposition. Once the midsummer election was announced, both parties showed an eagerness to be up and away, there was commendably little obstruction, and when the opposition showed a disposition to prolong its criticism of government policies, a sly hint from the Prime Minister reminded them that speed was the common interest since the opponent of each member, Tory, Liberal, or Independent, was already busy sowing tares in his constituency. It is a matter for universal regret that with the end of this parliament Mr. Rodolph Lemieux retires from the Speakership. He has been a most popular member of the Commons for thirty-four years, and during the last eight sessions he has filled the difficult office of Speaker with dignity and upheld its traditions with an unbroken record of the most scrupulous impartiality.

CONCERNING M.P.'S.

FEW illusions can be left in the minds of most Englishmen as to the easy opportunities offered by life in our Dominion; but members of the Mother of Parliaments who follow the trend of events in our public life must feel that in politics at least Canada offers great attractions. Our members of parliament sit for three to five months in the year and then go back to their homes with \$4,000 in their pockets: English M.P.'s. sit most of the year round and all they get by way of reward is half as much as ours. The headmasters of English public schools who recently toured Canada have professed their belief that our country offers great chances for English youths destined for the professions or sciences, and they propose

to urge certain selected boys to come out here and complete their education in our universities so as to make a useful entry into Canadian life. Almost certainly some of the more observant among the masters will suggest to their charges that Canadian public life will be worth their consideration once they are established here. The rewards of success are considerable, and competition need not be feared since most of our parliamentarians are of pop-gun calibre. Of the 245 members in the House at Ottawa 200 or so could be absent throughout the session without the reader of Hansard being aware of it so far as debate is concerned; and while many silent members are useful men in committee, many more are not. We were glad to see recently that a nominating committee in a constituency not far from Toronto bluntly refused to re-nominate their sitting member because he had not opened his mouth during the whole four years of the parliament they had sent him to. At the present time, any bright young lawyer who could get the nomination of a Conservative seat would find nothing to stop him from rising as meteorically as did F. E. Smith in the British Conservative Party twenty odd years ago. If our best native Canadians will not go into politics, by all means let more of our English-born have a shot at it. Mr. Dunning came out here as a youth with none of the advantages these public-school boys will have, and here he is in young middle age Minister of Finance for our Dominion.

LORD BEAVERBROOK'S POLITICS

IF WE owe Mr. Dunning to England, the English owe Lord Beaverbrook to Canada, and whatever value they may place upon him they must admit that he adds to the excitement of their politics. His 'Empire Crusade' of last year was only a rather fantastic prelude to the greatest of his political adventures. In February of this year, with the help of his friend Lord Rothermere, he formed the United Empire Party, with Empire Free Trade as its object and the Empire Crusaders as its nucleus. Since the old Unionist Party refused to accept the creed upon which the salvation of the Empire depended, it was clear that a new party must come to the rescue. Lord Rothermere, who had his own quarrel with Mr. Baldwin, made the most of this opportunity; he enlarged the new Party's programme to include all the tenets of the Diehard faith, announced that the Party would run fifty candidates against Conservatives at the next election, and placed the *Daily Mail* 'with all the influence and resources at its command' at Lord Beaverbrook's service. Uneasiness spread in the Unionist camp, and within a month Mr. Baldwin adopted so much of the Empire Free Trade policy that Lord Beaverbrook professed himself completely satisfied with his conversion; the only point on which they had really differed had been the tax on food, and he and Mr. Baldwin had agreed that to settle this knotty question the referendum should be adopted. The new party (and all the work and worry attached to it) having become unnecessary, Lord Rothermere was left by his old crony to nurse or to smother it as he liked. But now it seems that the conversion of the Conservative party managers was but a half-hearted affair after all. Lord Beaverbrook fears that the Conservative Central Office re-

gards the referendum 'not as a spear with which to fight for Empire Free Trade, but as a shield behind which to shelter itself from this issue of a tax on foreign foodstuffs.' As reported in the *Manchester Guardian* he has solemnly asked 'if the time has not come when the referendum should be abandoned'—this bulwark of the British Constitution invented by himself two months ago! His castigation of the Conservative Laodiceans is severe: 'This latest example of "safety first" and "cold feet" is not my idea of Empire Free Trade. This is shirking the issue: it is Pussy-footing of the worst type, and a clear case of passing the buck.' Apparently the Conservative Party must swallow the food tax whole or Lord Beaverbrook will take harsh measures to discipline them. His next move will probably be a matter of history before these lines appear in print.

ROBERT HOLMES

MR. ROBERT HOLMES, R. C. A., had been known for years as the painter of Canadian Wild Flowers. His sudden death, on the evening of May 14th, while speaking at an Art Students' dinner, has strengthened this reputation, for the words 'wild flowers' were practically the last ones he uttered. The 'dark mother ever hovering near with soft feet' does not always choose the final moment so appropriately. A life-long teacher of art, speaking humorously to the toast of 'The Future', on a happy occasion among students, his last words in true key with the tenor of his life, his death had a dramatic fitness, like the sudden unexpected finding of a rare, wild, and long-sought flower by a pathway often used. He sat down with a faintly uttered apology, his head sank gently on his breast, and he could not be recalled. He had a quiet humour, often most aptly fitted to the occasion. On this evening he said that he supposed he had been chosen to speak on the future on account of the well known futurist style of his painting, or perhaps he was to speak as one who had not yet arrived. His long reputation and the realistic definiteness of his flower paintings made a happy background to such remarks, and he was humanly free from conceit about either. Also he had very little sweet sentiment about the flowers. They were beautiful things to him, but gentle mercenaries too, and his raptures over them were well-balanced. His pictures are a true record of bright hours on the lower levels of field and wood. They show the coloured jewelry of Canadian seasons. He began to paint them to provide genuine Canadian motifs of design for his students, and he continued the study for its own sake, and in an endeavour to hand on to others as much of the living inspiration of the flower as he could convey. Beginning near at hand, he had visited the Rockies in this work, and was planning to go to the Hudson Bay region on the same quest. It is to be hoped that these pictures will be looked on by Governments or Galleries as a true Canadian product, worthy of careful preservation. Some people are interested in keeping them as a group. Hung in a room set apart for them, or sent throughout the country on exhibitions, or reproduced in colour and widely published, they can better continue the cultivation of that higher patriotism which rests on a love of the simple natural beauties of one's own country.

IMPERIALISM IN TRANSITION

BY NORMAN McL. ROGERS

JAMES the First once said of his prerogative that 'it was no subject fit for the tongue of a lawyer, nor lawful to be disputed'. There were those not long ago who held a similar view of imperial sovereignty. They would have us approach the question, if at all, with our shoes in our hands. Their assumptions of imperial sovereignty were fixed and unalterable. Their political theory consisted of excursions along well-defined routes which invariably brought them back at nightfall to their desired haven. The fact of imperial sovereignty, one and indivisible, was both their point of departure and their destination. The inviting byways of nationality were either not seen or studiously avoided.

But the old imperialism with its rigid acceptance of the indivisible sovereignty of the British Parliament is in dissolution. In one of those constitutional debates which in recent years have enlivened the proceedings of the Canadian House of Commons, a member is reported to have declared himself 'a Canadian nationalist and an imperialist'! There may be little or no significance in the fact that the place of honour was given to the national attachment, but one prefers to believe that the phrase was framed with deliberation so well does it express the profound change in political sentiment and theory which has taken place in Canada since the beginning of the present century. We of this generation are witnesses to the passing of an old order. It was an ancient and for the most part a militant order, numbering among its adherents some of the greatest names in our history. It has left the deep impress of its influence on Canadian politics and literature. It has made and unmade governments. The zeal and sincerity of its members were no less striking than the blind persistence with which they strove to deflect the natural current of our political development. Imperial Federation was once their goal. The sovereignty of the British Parliament was their constant watchword. The goal has long since been recognized as unattainable. But the theory of imperial sovereignty remained as a second line of defence. Now this last support has been removed with the cordial assent of the British Government. When the recommendations of the subcommittee of the Imperial Conference of 1926 are implemented in legislation, it would seem that the old imperialism will be deprived of the cardinal tenet of its faith.

The cult of colonial imperialism in Canada produced opposite effects on different types of mind. To some it gave breadth of vision and an enlargement of purpose towards the realization of a great ideal. In others, however, it bred intolerance and prejudice, making them not infrequently the instruments of internal dissension and racial animosity. The first belonged to the forces of progress. Though their object was not achieved, their influence was definitely for good. But the latter belonged to the forces of obstruction. With the blindness of those who will not see, they were not above imputing motives of disloyalty to all who did not accept their programme, while they viewed with deep misgivings the irresistible advance of Canadian autonomy. The colonial im-

perialist of this type was a curious product of our country. The patriotism of the average Briton is made up partly of his affection for his native land, which is genuine and natural, and partly of his homage to the geographical extent of the British Empire, of which he may have seen little, but which represents nevertheless the supremacy and superiority of the British race. This secondary element in his patriotism has its basis not in affection so much as in pride of possession. In the case of some it becomes a sort of religion involving the worship of a political abstraction rendered concrete by a globe liberally spattered with red ink. This form of imperialism is explicable in Great Britain, for it is but a projection as it were of national patriotism. The basis of the sentiment is attachment to Great Britain, and an imperial sentiment so far as it exists is but the reflected glory of national achievement. With the colonial imperialist the reverse was all too frequently true. In the place of national self-esteem there was substituted national self-depreciation. He was so intrigued by the conception of a world-wide Empire that the development of a national sentiment in Canada seemed an emotional anti-climax, and the widening of self-government a political retrogression. He thought of Canada merely as a portion of the Empire and asked why his affection for the part should be as great as that for the whole. If you asked him why he opposed the recognition of Egyptian sovereignty or Home Rule for Ireland, and distrusted the growth of national sentiment in the Dominions, he would tell you that we must hold the Empire together at any cost. He had probably never attempted to analyse his philosophy, but he knew that the slightest breach in the Empire would shake the foundations of his creed. The geographical and political integrity of the Empire was his shrine. The removal of the smallest stone in the edifice was desecration.

Perhaps the most peculiar characteristic of the colonial imperialist was his real inability to accept the possibility of the growth of a Canadian nationality. A Polish or French-Canadian nationality he could understand. Here the national distinctions were objective and obvious. But the idea of the development of separate nationalities within the British Empire, and among people who were predominantly of Anglo-Saxon stock, was not merely distasteful; it was incredible. As a rule, he had only two possible interpretations of any demand for an increase of autonomy. One was annexation to the United States; the other was complete independence with the same object ultimately in view. If he was reminded that no less a person than Lord Durham had suggested that the only way to prevent the growth of American influence was to raise up for the North American colonist some nationality of his own, he would take issue with Aristotle if need be to maintain the contrary opinion. One Flag; One Empire; One Sovereignty, was the trinity of his political philosophy.

It was inevitable that colonial imperialism in Canada would be ranged against the movement towards greater autonomy which had behind it the increasing vitality of Canadian nationalism. Theodore Roos-

evolt once said that the American Revolution was a revolt not against any one act or set of Acts but against the mental attitude of Great Britain. Probably Grenville or Townshend would have said that the repressive measures of the British Government were directed not against any one act or set of acts, but against the mental attitude of the colonies. Imperialism and nationalism are really nothing more at bottom than mental attitudes, each having its roots in a different kind of group consciousness, and its expression in a different form of political theory. The colonial imperialist in Canada regarded himself as being first of all a citizen of an Empire, and not unnaturally asked what additional rights and privileges a national status would confer upon him. The nationalist regarded himself as being first of all a Canadian or a South African as the case may be, and asked why the political community to which he belonged should submit to external restraint or accept a status inferior to that of other nations of the world. The imperialist was impressed most strongly with the unity of the Empire as expressed in the sovereignty of the British Parliament. The nationalist was impressed most strongly with the unity of his national society, and wished this unity to have its complete realization in the full autonomy of the Canadian Parliament. To the imperialist the Dominion Parliament must always be a subordinate legislature. To the nationalist the sovereignty of the British Parliament was an irritating reminder of a subordination which he believed to be unnecessary and stultifying. These views could not be reconciled while imperialists insisted on the supremacy of the British Parliament and the perpetual subordination of the Dominion Parliaments. To the imperialist the doctrine of imperial sovereignty was everything. To the nationalist it was an anachronism. The final issue of the contest was bound to depend upon the displacement of one view or the other. The serious student of history could have little doubt as to which should ultimately prevail.

From Confederation to the present the political development of Canada has been dominated at one time and another by the imperial and the national point of view. The tendency of the one was to keep us a dependency, of the other to make us a self-governing nation. At the beginning of the present century, and with greater acceleration following the late war, the tide turned definitely and unmistakably in the direction of a Canadian nationality. Once it had turned there was no prospect of recession. It is the genius of nationality that once created it seeks its fulfilment in freedom from external control. Behind every extension of Dominion autonomy, such as Canadian representation abroad and the right to negotiate separate treaties, there has been a growing appreciation of the strength of national feeling. Practical considerations may have had their weight, but the ultimate sanction lay in the existence of a national consciousness. Without the assurance of this a Government would have been bold indeed to travel on these hitherto untrodden and forbidden ways. There have been resting-places upon the journey, but our progress has been steadily from status to contract. The objective of nationalism is ever that freedom which permits self-direction both in internal and external affairs. Is not this the true significance of the

readjustments of imperial relations which have taken place since the Treaty of Versailles?

But what of the Empire and what of imperialism under the new dispensation? The old conception of imperial unity has passed away. The Empire is not an organic unity. It is a collection of organic unities against the same historical background. In the future our relations with the other nations of the Commonwealth will be based on the recognition of that diversity which lies at the very foundation of our separate national development. The old Empire was built on a theory of legal and political unity. May not the new Empire fix its eyes rather upon a unity of purpose? The old Empire sought co-operation in subordination. With the autonomy of the Dominions under the Crown recognized and acknowledged and upon the safe foundation of national freedom, may we not develop a far more effective voluntary co-operation towards the ideals we hold in common than was possible under the old regime? The old imperialism was paternal. It proposed to keep us in permanent tutelage. It led inevitably to distinctions and preferences which were themselves the source of recrimination and friction. The new imperialism will be fraternal. It will emphasize our common heritage of traditions and institutions. It will recognize that while we have much in common, we have also ideals, interests, and problems for which each national group must accept the sole responsibility. It may be critical to the point of outspoken candour, but it will be a candour which rests on the assurance of long and intimate association and mutual respect.

Almost fifty years ago Lord Carnarvon spoke of Canada as the pre-eminent member 'in the group of noble nationalities which England, the mother of nations, has planted abroad' His allusion was to Confederation, but his words held a prophetic meaning. As the new Commonwealth of Nations is more secure than the Empire which it displaced, so is the new imperialism of fraternity and co-operation a far better thing both nationally and internationally than the old imperialism which has now passed away.

TIME

The thought of you is like a glove
That I had hidden in a drawer:
But when I take it out again
It fits; as close as years before.

IF IT WERE EASY

Fire creeps into my bones, and drowsily
I lean against the flame and drink
Succour from burning wood.

If it were as easy as this
To creep close up to love
And gather strength

There would be none of these
Cold heavy evenings
Storm-bound, outside the door.

DOROTHY LIVESAY

JAPANESE FISHERMEN IN BRITISH COLUMBIA AND BRITISH FAIR-PLAY

BY HOZUMI YONEMURA

THE Canadian Government in 1922 appointed a Royal Commission to enquire into the fishing industry in British Columbia. This commission considered, among other matters, the number of Japanese engaged in the industry, and reported:—

that the number of Whites and Indians holding licenses is not in any way commensurate with the number of Orientals.

and recommended:—

That there be a reduction on all licenses issued to fishermen other than White fishermen and Indians.

In 1923 this recommendation was put into effect and a policy of annually reducing the number of Japanese licenses was adopted. This was enforced up to and including 1926. As a result 1253 Japanese were eliminated from the industry. Before proceeding further a word of explanation may be necessary. The Japanese engaged in fishing in Canada are either naturalized or native born citizens of the country. They are all British subjects, for no aliens are permitted to engage in fishing. When it became known that the ultimate object of the Canadian Government was to exclude Japanese entirely from the fishing industry, a legal redress was sought by the Amalgamated Association of Japanese Fishermen. In consequence of the test case brought to court by them, the reduction was halted in 1927.

In May 1928, a long-awaited judgement was handed down by the Supreme Court of Canada, deciding that under the existing regulations, 'any British subject residing in British Columbia, who is not otherwise legally disqualified, has the right to receive a license if he submits a proper application and tenders the prescribed fee.' The decision was appealed to the British Privy Council by the Canadian Government. In the judgement delivered in October 1929, by the Privy Council, the appeal was dismissed. Now on the heels of these decisions, apparently favourable to Japanese, comes the startling announcement from the Department of Fisheries at Ottawa that the original policy of reduction will again be enforced in 1931. The jubilant rejoicing of Japanese fishermen has been changed overnight into a bewildered and gloomy outlook. They are again face to face with reduction, the disturbing and tragic consequences of which are still fresh in their memories.

What really happened to the test case was this. The question at issue was whether or not the Minister of Fisheries had the discretionary power to grant or refuse a license to fish in British Columbia. The judgement of the Supreme Court of Canada, which was later sustained by the Privy Council, in the final analysis, said simply that 'there was nothing in the language of the fishery regulations giving rise to a necessary implication that the minister had a discretion to grant or withhold the license.' It was a very simple matter for the Canadian Government to nullify this decision. While the case was being appealed to the Privy Council, the parliament at Ottawa enacted a law giving the minister an absolute power of discretion. It is now claimed that it is no longer *ultra*

vires of the Parliament of Canada for the minister to refuse licenses to Japanese. It is evident that the Department of Fisheries is determined to discriminate against Japanese in every possible manner. But what justification is there in this policy of invidious discrimination? Conditions have radically changed since the time the Duff Commission was appointed in 1922. In that year there were 2321 Japanese as against 3683 Whites and Indians. Today there are only 1068 as against 7171 Whites and Indians—or 1 Japanese for every 7 Whites and Indians. There is nothing in this proportion that can be considered as alarming. If this proportion had existed at the time the Duff Commission sat, it is quite obvious that no reduction would have been recommended. The reductions already made can truly be said to have served every legitimate purpose of those who originally fathered the policy.

Moreover what advantage can Canada gain by a further reduction of Japanese licenses? It is now generally admitted that the presence of a comparatively few Japanese in the industry, far from being an injurious condition, economically or otherwise, is really an advantage, as it promotes a healthy rivalry among different races and stimulates the industry accordingly. On the other hand, if they are eliminated from the industry, it will only drive them into other fields of employment and business. Is it possible to derive any benefit from a policy that forces a number of men to quit the activities in which they are skilled and useful, and to seek others where they would be less welcome and likely to create a serious problem? Of course it may be said that in taking the matter to court, Japanese did not take the wisest course that it might have been possible to take. In the method they adopted there was an ever present danger of antagonizing the Government and the people of Canada. Furthermore it was more or less apparent from the first that anything which might be done through the courts would in its final result be only temporary. However, when we take the circumstances into consideration, the Japanese seem to have been justified in taking the course they did. The savings of their lifetime were invested in their boats and gear. In the face of an imminent danger of being driven out of the industry, it seems but natural for them, in a spirit of exasperation, to do what they did.

The policy of reduction, whatever justification there was for it in some respects at the beginning, cannot now be viewed as justifiable. Apart altogether from any moral consideration, present conditions warrant the maintenance of the situation as it stands, unless, of course, it is the deliberate and malign policy of the Canadian Government to persecute maliciously the remaining Japanese in the fishing industry, and to give offence unnecessarily to a friendly people, a people who were allies a short time ago in the hour of strife, and a people with whom, one would imagine, Canada is anxious to develop closer and greater commercial relations.



THE discussion which started in THE CANADIAN FORUM a few months ago about the social functions of stockbrokers produced a refreshingly frank article last month from 'Machiavelli Jr.' about Canadian financiers in general. He is under no illusions as to the processes by which our captains of finance rise to their positions of eminence and power. He finds the world of finance to be as divorced from morals as the original Machiavelli found the world of politics in the sixteenth century. 'This is a world of power'. The gigantic profits which our financial entrepreneurs extract from the enterprises they promote are justified as an inevitable feature of our economic system, based as it is on the creative activity of rich men. Only by concentrating wealth and power in the hands of these acquisitive millionaires can we get our natural resources developed as they should be developed. In brief, Machiavelli Jr. gives us the complete North American philosophy of business, minus the sentimental Rotarian rhetoric with which it is usually embellished for the benefit of the booboisie. And, being himself presumably a young financier on his way up the financial ladder with his own dreams of the promotions he will float some day, he asks us defiantly what can be done about it.

* * *

THERE is nothing very original in all this. The same hard-boiled doctrine that the world is so constructed that the strong will always exploit the weak can be found in the arguments of Thrasymachus with Socrates, to go no further back. All that Machiavelli Jr. has done is to apply it to Canadian economic conditions. When one strips his discussion of its twentieth century cynicism it bears a remarkable resemblance to the arguments by which the expositors of the dismal science a century ago used to demonstrate that working small children for twelve or fourteen hours a day was an essential and unavoidable part of the process by which England was becoming great and prosperous. It is true that we live in a world of power, but it is also true in Anglo-Saxon countries that after some three centuries of struggle we have compelled political power to submit to a fairly effective responsibility. What is the mysterious reason, apart from a complete lack of imagination in writers like Machiavelli Jr., that we should always take it for granted that economic power can not also be made responsible? We are at present dazzled by the new industrial revolution through which this continent is passing. But there is no more inherent need for us to allow our financiers to indulge their acquisitive appetites without any consideration of social consequences than there was for our English grandfathers to permit the same indulgence to their manufacturers.

UNFORTUNATELY for his own case Machiavelli Jr. chose a concrete example to illustrate his argument. When the original Machiavelli had discussed all the qualities of the perfect Prince he provided a damning commentary on his own philosophy by naming Caesar Borgia as the embodiment of his ideal. And when his pupil wants to illustrate the benevolent nature of financial operations in Canada he refers us to Beauharnois! Here, he tells us, is an enterprise which required a great concentration of capital before it could be tackled and a promise of extravagant rewards before any capitalist would tackle it. But we have been having a good deal of light thrown upon Beauharnois since Machiavelli Jr. wrote his article. Is there anyone now so simple-minded as to accept his naïve interpretation of what happened at Beauharnois? Far from proving his case it proves exactly the opposite. There was no need to develop Beauharnois by private capital. It was obviously one of those enterprises which should have been developed by government, as was Niagara. Even as things were, with the Quebec government prepared to act as a convenient tool of Montreal power interests, it was still necessary to lull public suspicion by misleading romantic newspaper stories of an attack upon the Holt power monopoly, to win the services of two senators high in the councils of the Liberal party, and to conduct a high-pressure lobby at Ottawa for some months, before the Beauharnois philanthropists were able to carry through their noble scheme of public service. At the very last moment a little more backbone in the Ottawa cabinet would have stopped the whole proceeding. Beauharnois is about the last case that should be chosen to prove the theory that we cannot properly develop our natural resources unless we are prepared to hand over millions of tribute to financial adventurers.

* * *

NATURALLY one was not surprised when Machiavelli Jr. trotted out the American bogey. Of all the cant which is current in our country just now the most nauseating is this self-interested propaganda of our financial and industrial leaders that if we don't hand ourselves over to them the Americans will get us. Why should the ordinary Canadian go into ecstasies over the prospect of being ruled by a Holt in Montreal instead of a Morgan in New York? Nor will the giving of a free hand to our Canadian financiers save us from the inevitable American. Nothing is more certain than that sooner or later some of our petty Canadian chieftains, warring with one another, will call in a Strongbow from New York. Did not Mr. Sweezy's famous letter contain a mysterious reference to some American influences that must be lined up with the Beauharnois crowd in order to put the business through? The only way in which we shall save ourselves from American economic domination is by putting such strategic enterprises as power and transportation under government control.

* * *

THESE however are obvious points. The real flaw in our modern Machiavelli's presentation of his case is a more subtle one. It may have been a great achievement for the original Machiavelli and his Italian contemporaries to have so completely emanci-

pated themselves from religion and morality. But when they were brought to the test of practical action they proved complete failures. It was the religious Frenchmen and the still more religious Spaniards who divided up Italy. Now nothing has been more abundantly proved in history than that business, like all other forms of human activity, requires a religion if it is to be successfully carried on. And our modern North American business men have developed a religion for themselves out of their own spiritual necessities, a rationalization of their own activities, which they sum up in the word 'Service'. It does not matter that there is a good deal of hypocrisy and unreality in this religion. So there is in all religions. The point to understand is that they carry on their work in the midst of a din of preachers extolling their public spirit, their philanthropy, their statesmanship. All this ritual has become as necessary and as soul-satisfying to them as the smell of incense in the nostrils of a high churchman. The days of the Jim Fiskes

and the public-be-damned Vanderbilts are long over in North America. Our business men found that they could not operate with spiritual satisfaction in such an atmosphere of brutal Machiavellian cynicism. A religion was a practical necessity to them. And so they invented one.

When therefore Machiavelli Jr. asks us what we are going to do about it, the answer is simple. The way to attack modern business is to undermine its religion. If our business men could see themselves as Machiavelli Jr. already sees them they would lose half their self-confidence and half their efficiency. There are conceivable methods of building up a society other than that of handing it over to be exploited by energetic and unscrupulous financial adventurers. The other methods will come within the range of practicability if we constantly keep showing up present methods for what they are. It is pleasant to have Machiavelli Jr. as an ally in such a work.

F. H. U.

THE STRAW MAN

BY COLIN GROFF

IN a recent article in THE CANADIAN FORUM, headed 'Super-selling Canada to the Emigrant', Mr. Newton-White singles out for a rather harsh attack, the Correspondence Course in elementary Canadian agriculture provided by the Canadian National Railways for the benefit of intending British settlers. Without any argument as to the merits or demerits of the details of the course, or any constructive criticism which would indicate that he has any knowledge at all of the nature and objects of the course, Mr. Newton-White proceeds to class it with what he calls 'high pressure' literature and salesmanship methods used in the solicitation of settlers for Canadian farm lands, and to hurl a considerable amount of ridicule and invective at what he calls the whole system of misrepresentation in immigration work. The writer builds up for himself a very terrible straw-man of iniquity in this respect, and then proceeds to knock it down with great gusto, apparently getting considerable enjoyment out of the exercise. He infers that immigrants as a body have been cruelly disillusioned in this country, that 99 per cent. of the statements made with the weight of the Canadian government and the railways behind them are false, and he deplores the practice of picking out the 'isolated and extreme cases of high success' among immigrants to lure other victims with pictures of prosperity to be gained through life in Canada.

Mr. Newton-White criticizes first the advertising done in connection with the correspondence course in Great Britain. He quotes the advertisements as offering 'positions found and success guaranteed', for those who take the course. An examination of the advertising reveals that it made no mention of 'guaranteed success'. Such an offer would be merely stupid. The advertising did guarantee 'a starting job' on a farm, and until last fall—when the Canadian National themselves voluntarily curtailed the forwarding of men for farm labour owing to the development

of abnormal conditions—the railway company states that it was able to fulfil that guarantee in every instance through the effectiveness of its farm placement service. The advertising makes clear that 'the starting job' is merely the first step in getting established in farm life in Canada, that the rest is naturally up to the immigrant himself.

A study of the correspondence course itself makes it apparent that Mr. Newton-White has done an injustice in classifying the course as 'high-pressure' stuff. He says: 'Like all good courses, it teaches everything about its subject.' If Mr. Newton-White had examined the book containing the ten lectures of the course, before he took his pen in hand, he would have realized the injustice of such a statement. No man with any brains would attempt to devise a course which would teach Canadian agriculture in a series of ten lessons by mail. Much less would Dr. W. J. Black, who, as director of agriculture and colonization for the National System, was the originator of the course, a man who, since the time 25 years ago that he founded and was named first president of the Manitoba agricultural college, has become universally known throughout the dominion for the soundness and progressiveness of his policies in agricultural and colonization work.

The correspondence course was quite obviously designed and established to do exactly what Mr. Newton-White says should be done, that is, to tell a plain and unvarnished story of Canadian farming. The course seeks to present to the intending immigrant, such practical information about Canadian agriculture and methods as will give him, before he ever leaves his own shores, some conception of the problems which he must face in farm life, and render somewhat easier the task of grasping the fundamentals of farm operation. The course does this in the most elementary and practical way possible. It gives

useful hints in the selection of a farm. It conveys practical information as to the utility breeds of livestock for the ordinary farmer, tells something about the types and quantity of farm machinery necessary to make a start, and places in many ways before the intending settler facts of farm pioneering. In other words, it gives to the immigrant, in practical and intelligent form, the fundamental and elementary knowledge he otherwise would require weeks to gather on his own account, after his arrival in this country.

Let us quote from the introductory words of the course, which state that the purpose of the course is 'to give some preliminary knowledge of farming methods and some familiarity with conditions in Canada,' and further that 'Our object is not to make a Canadian farmer of you, as that can only be done by experience on a Canadian farm, but to outline to you as clearly as we can on paper some of the problems that will confront you from time to time, how you should meet these problems, and how you can best adapt yourself to your new surroundings. You must not expect this course to take the place of practical experience.' In fact, the course was expressly designed to the end that those planning to come to Canada for farm life, might be left under no illusion whatever as to the problems that would be encountered, and it has even acted as a check upon some who realized after reading the course that they were not prepared to meet the demands the contemplated new life would make upon them.

The course itself, it is learned, was prepared by experts who were graduates of Canadian agricultural colleges, and had had practical farm experience. The course has been commended by many agricultural authorities as eminently practical and thoroughly sound. Indeed, it was considered so sound by the British government, and so practical an idea, that they lent support to its extension throughout Britain. It was considered so sound that it has been introduced into one or two of the Scandinavian countries with the full consent and approval of the governments of those countries, which are notoriously cautious about the immigration literature they permit to be circulated. As to Mr. Newton-White's inference that the course should be classed among the exaggerated and misleading immigration literature of our country, all the statements made in the course are based on actual facts and scientific knowledge, and are so conservative as to have drawn criticism from some authorities as being too much so. In several places in the course, photographs appear showing pioneer farming conditions as they actually are, and throughout the whole book the settler is continually reminded of the problems he must face.

In the entire course, from cover to cover, there is not one line that can be interpreted as an invitation to come to Canada to settle, or as being written with the object of inducing settlement.

Can there be any reasonable criticism of such a project? Is it not a worthy effort to place true conditions before the intending settler and a real attempt to overcome the very thing of which Mr. Newton-White complains?

'Isolated and extreme' are the cases of high success of immigrants in Canada, Mr. Newton-White infers. Just because all immigrants have not become premiers,

or bank presidents, or millionaires, are we to infer that Mr. Newton-White would class them as comparative failures? Are we to consider the many thousands of men from other lands who have won what we are pleased to call 'success' in Canada, mere ne'er-do-wells? In that case, forty-three per cent. of the population of Alberta, having been immigrants from other lands at one time or another, are to be classed as disappointed and disillusioned people. Thirty-six per cent. of Saskatchewan's population and thirty-four per cent. of Manitoba's population are to be considered as being in a deplorable state of merely moderate success.

And are the cases of 'high success' so isolated and extreme after all? Where in all the world outside of Canada, are there indeed so many cases of men who, having been immigrants within the last 25 years, and not three or four generations back, as this writer says, have become leaders in the national life? And what about the many thousands of happy, contented, reasonably well-to-do people who have won success by their own efforts within less than two decades, and who gladly testify to the fact that they are content.

We fear that Mr. Newton-White has got hold of the wrong end of the stick in his argument; that the 'extreme and isolated' cases are of failure and not of success, and these not because of any misrepresentation, but simply because of their absolute inadaptability.

At any rate, the intelligent course for Mr. Newton-White would have been to read for himself a copy of the Canadian National Railways' Correspondence course, which he attacks with such airy indifference to the facts concerning it.

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

Are these just words, or does their music cry
Some mystic call?

Just pretty words—a laugh, a whispered sigh,
And that is all?

The leaves that rustle yellow on the trees
Flutter forgot:

So is the whisper of such lines as these
Remembered not.

Far-scattered verses in a language strange
Remain they still.

And though some men yet in their hearts would range
To Athens' hill,

With Sophocles and Aeschylus to meet
And learn their name,

They listen not while such as these repeat
Their falling fame.

Simonides, Theognis, with their lore
Of life and love,

Antipater, Meleager—these and more
The garland wove.—

'Man chatters for an hour among the living,
And then comes death;

Better to hush'—they said, as they were giving
Their own last breath.

E. A. HAVELOCK

THE PASSING OF JOHN McCUIISH

BY MARIUS BARBEAU

A LITTLE frontier town there was out west that boomed forty years ago. It reached the peak of its prosperity in the days of river navigation and gold 'stampedes' that swept herds of men towards treasures hidden in the far north. Its name was Kitsalas, and its situation, at the foot of the canyon of the Skeena river, in northern British Columbia. Kitsalas for a while sheltered many people from the four corners of the world. Among them was John McCuish, artist and novelist, a man of long hair, many rhymes, and odd demeanour. He spent his days sleeping and his nights writing. He had the looks of a great man, a genius. Some of the old settlers still remember him. The pity of it is that he died somehow before his master works saw the light of day. Now both the little town of Kitsalas and the Skeena river novelist—great or small—have sunk into oblivion. What a pity!

In my yearly rambles it is my wont to explore the haunts of the past, to walk in the trails of men long after they have gone to their graves, to unearth memories that will grace the shelves of our national history. So my fortunes some years ago brought me to the canyon of the Skeena, with a companion, the painter Langdon Kihn. The repute of John McCuish was not unknown to me. His surroundings were gorgeous and colourful. His writings must have seethed with the turmoil of human passions let loose in a virgin country. I wanted to know more about John McCuish.

One bright summer day, Kihn and I trudged along the canyon trail down to the little flat where once had stood Kitsalas. We came to an opening in the luxuriant forest. Here was Kitsalas! The ruins of wooden houses basked in glorious sunshine, above the tall weeds. Old apple trees, cherry trees, elderberries and currants, all red with fruit, greeted our eye. Birds warbled on every side. The unseen ghosts of the town-dwellers beamed at us from the ragged walls that tottered in the foliage. The fluttering of human strivings awakened our senses, softly as butterflies whose wings fan gold dust in the rays of the sun. Kitsalas was dead, but nature glorious had recovered its rights over man and his works. Crystal water still flowed from a rusty pipe above ground, in the centre of what seemed a public square. Here had been a hotel, a saloon, another hotel, a barber shop, another saloon, a church, a dance hall—a vast floor was the only thing left—sundry houses and cabins and pyramids of bottles near the river bank; below, half buried in wet sand at the level of the water, the old stern wheel of the Princess Royal, which was wrecked in the canyon with loss of life and sacks of gold. Memories galore!

We rummaged around in silence amid the junk of a vanished population. Here had been the last home of John McCuish, but there was no one to tell where he had slept his days and consumed his fruitful nights? We climbed up the rickety stairs of a small house without doors or windows, one of the few still standing. Pack-rats stared at us round-eyed and gentle, from their holes in rubbish piles all over

the floor. They had just hauled in fresh stalks of the fireweed for their food supply. Amid the mounds of the rodents juttied out weathered leaves of paper and old magazines. Here were notebooks, a stack of them, some of them ragged and nibbled at by the rats when they starved. We hastily thumbed one or two at the top: fine writing, quite faded, yet legible; a story, smooth running phrases . . . a novel. Whose writing could this be but that of John McCuish? By the river spirits of the Skeena, it was a find! I gathered an armful of them, as much as I could carry. John McCuish was dead, yet alive somehow. Long live John McCuish! And we hastened back home, carrying lightly a treasure more valuable than gold.

No sooner in camp, I perused a first notebook with avidity. Soon after sunset the whole package was consumed. I was fed up. Poor John McCuish! Why should I have unearthed him! His tales were smooth, incessantly flowing, yet ungraspable. They were damnably insipid. They pictured nobody in particular, belonged nowhere under the sun. I dumped the stuff behind the wood pile.

John McCuish was an exploded legend. His effusions breathed not of the wild romantic life that was on the rampage while he burned the midnight oil in an attic over them. They would not shed the faintest beam of glory upon the Skeena, nor uplift our literature in its struggles for individuality. His long hair, his mummery, his despair, were all in vain. His suicide was a wasted effort. No one would ever seek his grave, to plant thereon the least commemorative slab. John McCuish was really dead after all.

So I believed at the time. But I had ample chance since to change my mind. John McCuish is not dead. We still meet him every day in the thoroughfares of our modern life. He is a symbol! He still parades everywhere his long flowing locks, his dreamy eyes, his smooth verbiage; he still sleeps while the others wake; he still goes on producing inane creations that no sooner leave his hands than they are gnawed by the pack-rats of oblivion.

When we open new Canadian books, when we visit the exhibitions of our Canadian Academy, when we tarry at the concerts which claim many of our evenings in the winter, we naturally crave for the quickening of the heart that is man's response to beauty born anew in works of art, we seek for the golden fruits that overflow the cornucopia of the gods. Yet how often we are confronted with mediocrity parading to our eyes under false colours! How often we stare John McCuish in the face.

Nor is John McCuish soon to die! He still walks the earth. He is mankind itself, trudging in the lanes of old, ever the same, unmindful of new experiences, devoid of the least spark of divinity. Whether he commits suicide or not, he is a failure, doomed to leave no trace after him in the sands of time.

* * *

I visited the Skeena again the following years. That country holds a strong appeal, with its grand-

ose strangeness. It harbours beauty and never surrenders the last word of its mystery. It is Asiatic-like—on the frontiers of Japan. It leads us away from the snows towards the tropics. Its moisture breeds an extravagant vegetation, carpets the ground with flowers and the bush with wild fruit—the salmon-berries, the salad of the tide-waters, the juicy saskatoons, the bitter soapberries of the plateaus, and the exquisite huckleberries of the mountain slopes.

After the painter Langdon Kihn had exhibited his brilliant landscape of totem poles and mountain crests, his decorative Indian portraits, it was easy for me to induce other painters to invade our preserves. Thus I became associated with A. Y. Jackson and Edwin Holgate, the Toronto and Montreal painters. Others followed in later seasons: Miss Florence Wyle, the Toronto sculptor, Miss Ann Savage, the Montreal painter. Miss Emily Carr, of Victoria, re-visited the country after an absence of many years—she had been the first to venture there with paint and brush in the early days. Painters and sculptors of the younger generation later continued the invasion—George Pepper and Pegi Nicol, from Ottawa, John Byers, of Toronto, and a young Frenchman, Paul Coze. Scenery, totem poles, native graveyards, and Indian physiognomies all went down upon canvas or into plastic clay at a terrific pace. Gitksan and Tsimshian chiefs donned their regalia, perhaps for a last time. When the time came for the visitors to depart, they buckled up their fat portfolios with a light heart. Their search for truth and beauty had not been idle.

Landscape and portraiture are not the only resource in a land so bounteous. While I unraveled the strands of the aboriginal past, I came upon historical and literary themes and songs that of themselves invited literary or musical treatment. Dr. Ernest MacMillan, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, joined me one summer and we studied together the strains and rhythms of the strange music of the natives on the Nass. He has since harmonized some of those songs and discovered that our Indian melodies constitute a wealth second to none as a starting-point for musical inspiration. Other young musicians,—Callihou, Laliberté, and Champagne—are now using some of the native themes in compositions that may initiate a new era in Canadian music.

It is all too evident, however, that inspired workers in these fields of Canadian artistic endeavour are still too few. Our country does not boast of many Lotis or Kiplings or Bela Bartoks as yet. Meanwhile, valuable materials will have to wait in abeyance. A handful of painters seem to be the only ones so far who have forced their way out in the open, have discovered Canada as a spiritual abode of man and have transmuted some of its features into works of art of significance that have already brought us new repute abroad—that of a people whose pursuits are not only lumber and wheat but also beauty and culture.

* * *

Canadian painting has indeed broken new ground in recent years. Its advance has been spectacular. It has already conferred upon our country a distinc-

tion and a character that are its own, yet till then unexpressed. The leaders of the new movement are endowed with originality and deep understanding. As a result of their endeavours we may now witness the growth of self-confidence and creative joy in our midst. Controversies have naturally arisen between the innovators and the advocates of ancient privilege. Why should we tolerate Laurentian snows on canvas, or the lake and forest waters of Ontario, or the angular peaks of the Rockies and the profiles of totem poles? Why should we be so bold as to disclose to the world the undesirable news that the land we live in is not France or Holland, but a virgin continent where man grows into manhood and is now groping for self-expression? Why not disregard, like John McCuish, our new surroundings and complacently follow the dictates of accepted pattern and conformity? There was no lack of spirit and doggedness in the struggle between the two factions. Let the reader who doubts it read the entrancing story which F. B. Housser has to tell in *A Canadian Art Movement*.^{*} These manifestations of spiritual upheaval may be greeted here as one of the most stimulating signs in the growth of our national life.

A decade since has lapsed, and time has wrought many changes. We can rely upon a sense of retrospect. No one would be brazen enough to deny the rapid strides of Canadian art through the efforts of our best painters and sculptors. The merit of these artists is now being recognized at home and abroad. The new school of Canadian painting has come to stay; it has been called by critics the most significant contribution to world art yet furnished in the British Empire outside of Great Britain itself, or for that matter, in the whole of North America. Big business in our midst has also awakened to the advantages of live art and spiritual vitality. Notable instances of this lie at our finger tips. One will suffice here, as it springs from the clearest fount of intelligence and administrative foresight. Credit for it goes largely to Sir Henry Thornton and the Canadian National Railways.

When the plans were submitted for the new wing of Chateau Laurier, the magnificent hotel of the Canadian National Railways at Ottawa, space was provided for a tea garden. The tea garden might lend itself to the spirit of the times. Instead of commonplace *renaissance* florals and scrolls, the architects might resort to exotic pageantry. Good precedents elsewhere might guide their choice. A famous New York hotel boasts of its Congo Room, where the tropical splendours of dark Africa from the hand of Winold Reiss 'jazz' the eye of the American while he parches in the desert of his prohibitive land. Canada might follow suit in some other way. Someone suggested a Canadian background from the hand of a Canadian artist. Here was a unique chance! Let a Canadian painter measure up his skill and inspiration to an exacting task—the embellishment in the Indian style of an inner room, a hundred feet long and wide in proportion, with eighteen pillars and a vaulted ceiling. Edwin Holgate, a young Montreal painter of rare talent, was elected for the enterprise. Since he knew the Skeena river scenery and totem pole carvings at first hand, he could de-

^{*}Toronto, *The Macmillan Company of Canada*, 1926.

rive from them authentic themes and local colour such as can be adapted to architectural functions and requirements. Well and good! Better still, the Skeena is a country which the Canadian National Railways wish to advertise and develop, since it lies at the northwestern end of its lines, and could easily become the most attractive national park within our borders.

The Skeena Room of Chateau Leaurier came into existence as a result. It is far and away the most striking feature of this fine hostelry and the only original one. Even before its completion, it was insistently sought for by visitors and all who are interested in Canadian art and nationhood. It constitutes a striking departure from the beaten path, a step forward in Canadian art and culture that will lead us a long way.

Gradually we are shaking our fetters, we are becoming better Canadians. Our grasp on life and reality is more penetrating, more comprehensive, more vital; our culture is coming to bloom. We are

already far from the age when John McCuish spent his nights on idle tales which he planted in the Macedonia of his unborn soul. The Skeena Room, with its decorative designs, its fine red cedar boards, takes upon itself a rich meaning, which reaches out far and wide. It is a symbol of our growing aspirations towards a nationhood and a culture that will be our contribution to the world at large. It will stimulate fresh outbursts of self expression. Other hotels, other large public buildings will require their Canadian decoration. We have grown tired of the perpetual daubs of weary commercial imitators. Once we have awakened to the sense of our vitality, we will crave for the growth of a culture that will best express us in relation to our habit. This growth will unite us all into one nation, will foster love, joy, and mutual esteem. It will also win recognition for us among the people abroad, since culture more than anything else creates a lasting impression among the living, and leaves a deep trace in the sands of time.

SHALL WE ADOPT THE FRENCH DOCTORATE?

BY E. K. BROWN

THE American humanists are all men of mettle; and their captain, Professor Norman Foerster, proves his in appropriating for this brochure* the title of Emerson's most effective address, that attack upon the Brahmins of Boston which for thirty years closed the halls of Harvard to the eloquence of her greatest graduate. One of these days, perhaps, the august Modern Language Association of America will refuse Professor Foerster space in their publications or excommunicate him with bell, book, and candle! Emerson is scarcely mentioned in this second *American Scholar*; but the hold he has upon Professor Foerster is quite evident. They are both attacking mechanical scholarship and asserting the right of the critical individual before the face of our new academic god, Fact.

The interest and the importance of Professor Foerster's study, however, lie much less in his spirited attack upon the cramping standards of literary scholarship on this continent than in his proposal of a definite substitute for what he deplures. As long ago as 1909 Professor Babbitt, in his *Literature and the American College*, said all the hard things that can be said and should be said against the Ph.D. degree; but, always a wrecker, he failed to propose any precise and practicable substitute. Stuart Sherman, emerging from the mill in 1908 with a Harvard Ph.D. and a thesis on John Ford, dealt the Harvard Graduate School one of the hardest knocks in its furious history. Countless critics without a tithe of Sherman's skill or a fraction of Babbitt's learning have rung the changes on their arguments, exposed the fallacy of approaching literary history without tried critical standards, the worse fallacy of undertaking a minute study of a minute point before the position of that point in literary history and its significance for liter-

ary criticism have been clearly seen. The destructive side of Professor Foerster's book is simply an excellent statement of a case that has been excellently stated before. 'Destructive work' as Mr. T. S. Eliot, another humanist, has said, 'must incessantly be repeated'.

It is to M. Emile Legouis that Professor Foerster dedicates *The American Scholar*; and from this and from a number of discreetly complimentary references, one infers that when the author thinks of ideal scholarship he thinks of the work of M. Legouis, and that when he derides the graduate schools of this continent, he is irked by the fact that they do not produce doctors who think, write, and teach with M. Legouis's unflinching excellence. M. Legouis is a doctor, however, a *docteur-ès-lettres*, the author of a dissertation on *La Jeunesse de Wordsworth*, which contains some of the subtlest and sanest interpretation written in his generation. Why not, Professor Foerster proposes, abandon the German doctorate, the Ph.D., and adopt the French doctorate, the *doctorat-ès-lettres*? He says:—

With the passage of one hundred years, since Everett, Ticknor, and Bancroft took their degrees at Gottingen, during which ten thousand Americans matriculated in German universities, an era in the history of our higher education has definitely closed, as President Thwing showed last year in his book on *The American and the German University*. It has closed because we have assimilated at last the essential virtues of German scholarship. We have learned and shall remember how to get exact knowledge. Is there nothing else for us to learn? Might we not advisedly turn now to France, where, to be sure, the scientific study of literature has also had a marked influence, but where other traditions of scholarship have offered a resistance wholly wanting with us? French reflection, French lucidity, French finesse, French moderation, the French concern for humane assimilation, the French devotion to general ideas, the French insistence upon taste and style, the French interest in criticism—these qualities, all but absent from our own work, I take to be worthy of our imitation.

* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, by Norman Foerster (University of North Carolina Press, \$1.00).

Wholly 'worthy of our imitation', these distinguished qualities are, but they are not to be had for the asking. It is one thing to transport across the Atlantic a sound process for collecting and classing facts: it is quite another to transport a galaxy of traits which have for centuries been sedulously developed until they are the peculiar pride of France. You cannot have 'reflection' and 'lucidity', 'insistence upon taste and style' and 'devotion to general ideas' in education, unless you also have them as a vital part of national life. Matthew Arnold spent a busy life in an endeavour to transplant French ideals of society and mind into England, seeing clearly that he could not otherwise Europeanize English education. Arnold's method is the proper one; and it is a grave defect in Professor Foerster's method that he appears to ignore the complexity of what he wishes to achieve.

Let us now examine the details of Professor Foerster's project. As a professor of English he naturally chooses as his type-student one who aspires to teach English. He distinguishes two levels of teaching—the secondary teacher and the teacher in the undergraduate college are on one level and the teacher in the graduate school is on another. The distinction is French; the first level is that of teaching in a *lycée*, the second that of teaching in a university. The two kinds of teacher will have as a common preparation, first a liberal undergraduate course, a course with no specific bearing upon their subject or their profession, and, second, a two years course for the master's degree, two years in which they will read widely in the Classics and closely in English.* This is analogous to the training a young Frenchman intending to teach his native literature would receive. So far Professor Foerster is quite sound.

Now come the original elements in his project. The student who intends to teach in a high school or an undergraduate college will shut his eyes to the doctorate. It is not for him. The master's degree will open every post he may ever want. The student who intends to teach in the graduate school will remain for a year or two after he has his master's degree, frequenting the seminars of the professors he

* Professor Foerster would require also some training in philosophy, history, and the arts.

respects, picking up a method for research and criticism, and singling out a subject for his doctoral dissertation. This stage in his education corresponds, although Professor Foerster does not stop to point this out, to the French *diplôme d'études supérieures*. The student will then retire from the university and 'within eight or ten years . . . might hope to have produced a piece of distinguished publication demonstrating . . . power for scientific or critical scholarship in the judgement of the academic world'. To write the dissertation at leisure and present it in full maturity is the distinctive mark of the French doctor.

A Frenchman to whom I described this project found in a moment its weak point, its failure to reproduce the French model, to guarantee in a reasonable measure the excellence of the dissertation. Professor Foerster has, either through misinformation or misinterpretation, omitted the least mention of the *agrégation*, the severe competitive examination for which a Frenchman intended to teach in a *lycée*, or in a university, almost always presents himself. Ask any professor in the University of Paris, ask M. Emile Legouis, for example, and he will tell you that his best effort goes toward training in their subject and in the methods of teaching it, the candidates for the *agrégation*. If it is possible to develop 'lucidity' and 'reflection' 'devotion to general ideas' and 'insistence upon taste and style', the qualities Professor Foerster admires in French criticism, the *agrégation* is the most effective instrument devised for this purpose. It stocks the nation with razors to cut its wood.

I do not believe that the French doctorate can readily take root in America and certainly it cannot be grafted on American education. If it is to be transplanted, the *agrégation* must accompany it, or, better by far, precede it. If the American graduate school would forsake the idol of premature publication and centre its work in the equally good training in scholarship and pedagogy that this degree supposes, the problem of the doctorate would dissolve. The good *agrégé* almost always makes a good doctor; it is impossible for him to write a dissertation such as those German works Sir Walter Raleigh described as dull as cold veal and not as nourishing.

FUGITIVE BEAUTY

BY H. K. GORDON

ONE is sometimes tempted to wonder why, with all the wealth of natural beauty in Canada, there are so few writers to describe it—or at any rate to describe it in such a way as to make the heart leap with the recognition of a loveliness not realized before. The subjects for great inspiration stretch from coast to coast, and in the little or evanescent things, from which have been born so many of England's finest lyrics—flowers and birds, the tracery of trees, and the light on fields and meadows—we are more than rich. And yet the writers who bring visions to the fireside or make us long for home from afar are less than a handful. Grove's *Over Prairie Trails*, Lampman's rural lyrics, Roberts' stories of the wild kindred, with their haunting at-

mosphere and incidental descriptions of the New Brunswick wilderness, a few of Carman's poems—these and a few others, and the tale is told of those with the authentic magic which purifies the senses and stirs the heart of the reader. Strangely, too, all of them, with the exception of Roberts, are seldom convincing when writing of the wilds. Our painters can depict with passion a Mount Robson or a rampike, a Georgian Bay channel or the glaciers of Ellesmere Island, but the writers, when they venture beyond ploughed fields, become academic and unreal or at best quietly pleasing.

It may be that the artist in words is more fundamentally dependent on human associations and a sense of the generations who have moved upon the

land than is the painter, who triumphs by his objectivity. Or possibly we are simply held fast by tradition, for English literature, richer than any other in delight in nature, does not often stray into the moors and mountains, and still less often in the moments of its most perfect expression. Birds and flowers and the green fields have inspired English poets from Father Chaucer to Edward Thomas, and the countryside forms an integral part of a host of novels, but where are those who write of nature and nature alone? Izaak Walton, Wordsworth, Richard Jefferies, even W. H. Hudson, are never far from the haunts of men, returning to them as if for comfort and support. The last, the supreme literary field-naturalist, left the wide pampas and the wastes of Patagonia in order to feel about him the ancient rural life of England from which he sprang. Doughty alone, like a peak in Darien, is capable of looking on desolate spaces with year-long fascination, but even *Arabia Deserta* is as much concerned with the nomad peoples with whom he wandered as with the wastes which held yet terrified him.

With all this in mind, we have the greater reason to rejoice over a new book by a comparatively new author. *Our Wild Orchids** is, by its meticulous accuracy and scientific arrangement, worthy of an honourable place by the desk of any professional botanist, but it is most interesting as an important contribution to literary nature-writing. Of its scientific side it is sufficient to say that the authors have followed the nomenclature agreed to at the Berlin Conference of Botanists, and have based their work on the Seventh Edition of Dr. Asa Gray's *Manual of Botany* (1908) and Professor Oakes Ames' *Enumeration of the Orchids of the United States and Canada* (1924). The territory covered by the *Manual* runs up 'the Mississippi Valley from north of Tennessee to the north-west corner of Minnesota, east through Lake Superior to Quebec City and the St. Lawrence Gulf, and down the Atlantic Coast to the south-east corner of Virginia'. The authors of the present book have extended this field northward to Hudson Bay to include all Ontario and have also added 'all northern Quebec, Labrador, and Newfoundland'. This 'boreal extension' produced only some three or four species not already known from the smaller territory, but the search must have been worth much for its own sake. The internal order of the book is governed neither by time nor place of discovery, but by proper grouping—by tribes, genera, and species, a long section being devoted to each of the latter. At the head of each section, in small type, is a concise and painstakingly accurate description of plant and blossom, habitat, period of flowering, and any outstanding feature, after the manner of formal 'botanies', all compiled from the authors' own field notes. Professor Oakes Ames has provided a foreword.

The demands of science fulfilled, Mr. Morris (who is responsible for the text) has taken matters into his own hands. The book is essentially a monograph and has all the value of one, but the dry-as-dust methods of the majority of 'monographers' have been abandon-

ed without a qualm. Mr. Morris approaches his subject from the point of view that flowers and the search for them are matters for delight as well as for minute observation. The result is a book which all lovers of wild flowers and of tramping and scrambling about meadow and swamp and bushland will read with excitement, undistracted by the fact that a contribution has been made to the lore of the orchid. The freely-drawn portraits of each species following the formal details, the narratives of the expeditions of search (sometimes hundreds of miles to view a single species in bloom), the descriptions of the places of discovery and the flower and tree neighbours of the 'find' leave unforgettable pictures on the mind. Each orchid has several pages to itself, and each is done as freshly and vividly as though it was the sole object of Mr. Morris' attention. When it is considered that seventy-one species are described in their natural settings and that the work has taken over ten years to complete, a little of the enthusiasm and perseverance entailed can be appreciated. Perhaps no other author but Hudson could have prevented his descriptions from becoming monotonous reiterations of colour, form, and background, but Mr. Morris has made each orchid stand forth as an individual in its own peculiar setting.

So much for Mr. Morris' part in the book. Not less praise is due to Mr. Eames, his partner in adventure. He has contributed one or more camera portraits of each orchid—some as 'close-ups', others at long range showing tree and grass and flower standing about the central spike of blossom—all taken and reproduced with the most perfect clearness and propriety. What patience and skill this must have required only the photographer can say who knows the vagaries of wind and weather and the indifference of growing things to the observer who wishes to catch their fleeting beauty. The odd chance which brought Mr. Morris and Mr. Eames and their wives together on a northern lake, when each couple were exploring for orchids after their own fashion is one of those pieces of good fortune which make booklovers believe in a kindly Providence.

For the rest, there are two keys, a glossary, an index of Latin names, and an index of common names. Paper, print, and binding leave nothing to be desired. In short, this is a book for everyone who has an intelligent love for flowers, for beautiful places (and books), and a liking for bypaths, whether near towns or far removed, and more particularly for the fortunate owner of a summer cottage. After reading a few pages, he will rise and go forth to seek woodland adventures of his own—and come back to share them with his co-partners in delight.



*OUR WILD ORCHIDS, TRAILS AND PORTRAITS, by Frank Morris and Edward A. Eames (Charles Scribner's Sons; pp. xxxi, 464; \$7.50).

A FORT EDMONTON DIARY

These extracts are taken from a manuscript diary kept for the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Edmonton between October 1854 and May 1856. Fort Edmonton was one of the important posts on the Saskatchewan at which pemmican was made, and boats were built and floated down the river to be used in other parts of the company's transport system. It is interesting to compare this account with that given by Paul Kane six years earlier and that found in the recent book of H. J. Moberly. It will be noticed that Mr. Moberly who is still living is mentioned in one of the extracts. MARY QUAYLE INNIS.

WEDNESDAY, October 18, 1854.

The weather has been remarkably fine for some time and still continues to be fine. Olivier, the carpenter, has been employed in making shelves for goods upstairs and has so far made very good progress. The boatbuilder and four other men have left to go and gather roots and timber for boats. The rest of the men employed in mudding houses.

November 6.

Fine clear weather. Bourgard employed repairing horse sleds. The two boatbuilders commenced the keel of one boat. Two men sawing timber for boats. Five men hauling firewood from water's edge. Abraham looking for working oxen. Only found five. Four men cutting green poplar for firewood. Five men repairing tracks.

December 3.

A fine clear day. Thomas Cameron and Jacques Cardinal arrived this day. They bring the melancholy news that there are no buffalo near the Rocky Mountain House. They have come to the conclusion that a large war party of Crees have driven the buffalo away by setting the plains on fire. We have the pleasure of seeing the river fast (frozen) this morning; in fact so strong that Cameron crossed his horses safely.

January 22, 1855.

A cold day. Bourgard with three men employed hauling hay. The blacksmith employed making hinges for the gate and making boat nails. Olivier making a small press for martins. The rest of the men still at their various occupations. The women employed in making printed cotton shirts for the trade with the Blackfeet during the summer, (say two shirts per wife).

January 31.

No (buffalo) meat has been put on the stage since we got an account of 110, and some of this has been sold by the hunters to the freemen, who, it seems, are hard up for grub. Of the 36 trains brought here the other day, 56 animals might be all they would contain, and Ward about 6, making in all 62 cows, equal to 18600 lbs. of meat brought from the pound. This morning McKenzie with three men and 15 sleds started for the hunters' tents in order to bring all that there is to be got, such as, wolves (wolf skins), grease, pounded meat etc. Men employed cutting ice, hauling wood and hay. The tradesmen at their various occupations. Another boat turned out. Two more will be all that we can get built, one of which will be commenced tomorrow. This will make in all eight boats built here and eight more are expected from Rocky Mountain House, two of which are required for this district and the rest for general service.

February 10.

Cloudy, with a little lighter snow during the day. McKenzie and his party arrived this forenoon with

fifteen sledges loaded with meat, grease (tallow), buffalo parchment, skins etc. and very little pounded meat. Cannot get buffalo in the pound, so that they will likely be obliged to shoot them where they can. The freemen are now along with the hunters. It is better it should be so, than if they were scattered over a large extent of country driving off everything in the shape of an animal. Our men on the way back were nearly losing the horses by being driven off in the night by some unknown persons; supposed to be Blackfeet.

February 16.

A beautiful day. Mr. Moberly arrived (by land) this forenoon from Rocky Mountain House. They had the misfortune to lose their route and were on short commons for five days.

May 3.

It rained the greater part of the evening. The boat-builders have finished all the boats and have also launched all into the river. The ploughers have sown five bushels of wheat. Five bushels barley sown this day.

October 9.

Most of the men employed in taking up the potatoes, others repairing the root house which had fallen in during the summer; and some securing the hay stacks from the cattle by making a fence around them. The two boatbuilders are at a stand for want of wood to finish the fifth boat. There is so much to be done at this season. I really don't know what's first to be done. To get grub for all our clique must first claim our attention. By the arrival of the Freemen from their hunting excursion, they say buffalo are nearer than they have been any time during the summer and that they are plentiful, of which there is no doubt, as they (the freemen) came loaded with provisions. The only thing that's to be apprehended now is that the plains are on fire and raging to a great extent. Our Cree hunters arrived with the meat of seven moose.

November 15.

The river is now settled and crusted over, nature thereby forming a bridge for the use of man and beast. This morning four men with 15 horses were sent to Lake St. Anne for some fish. Norman Morrison sick.

November 21.

Five men with oxen were sent for logs to Pine Hammock. Bourgard making sled trains. Two men were sent to fetch the strayed horse; but could not catch him. Has got so wild that he scampered away to the plains on their approaching him. This afternoon the men who were sent to Lake St. Anne arrived home with 14 horse loads of fish—700. The fishermen have only caught about 3,000 in all.

November 25.

Finlay Munro, one of the Company's servants was married today to Jane Dunning, they having lived together as man and wife nine years previous.



PORTRAIT OF THE LATE ROBERT HOLMES

November 26.

Two men sawing. Raymond hauling cordwood. Fishermen, cooks and cattle keeper as usual. This evening the chief Maskepotoon arrived, says they had narrow escape of being burnt by the fire which raged through the plains. Two of their number, an old wife and child perished in the conflagration, together with two horses, some dogs and a quantity of dried provisions. Three men were sent by the fort hunters to inform that owing to the fine state of the weather, the buffalo keep out a great distance on the plains and being afraid of driving them further away, kill nothing but bulls for their own consumption.

January 10, 1856.

John Marten, the cattle keeper, neglected to milk the cows on false frivolous pretences, for which he ought to be reprimanded. Owing to some unaccountable inattention the Saskatchewan cattle (that is the H. B. CO. district of Saskatchewan of which Edmonton was the capital) are only milked once a day during the winter; but Marten seems to think they need not be milked at all. The blacksmith making spike nails for the carpenters.

February 20.

This afternoon Mr. James Simpson accompanied by men with six trains of dogs arrived from Ft. Pitt being the usual winter express, with the gratifying intelligence of the safe arrival of the ships in York roads and of the taking of Sebastopol by the allied armies.

April 23.

Racette and four men making pemmican in the forenoon. The carpenter and the other men launched 12 boats into the river and fastened them to the Big Stone in the middle of the river. George Ward and his son William arrived from the guard they re-engage for one year. This morning we beheld with vexation five of the Lake Ste. Anne freemen with 21 horses crossing the river below the fort on their way to Red River, carrying away with them 500 martens, together with other valuable furs to be sold there.

May 8.

John Cunningham arrived from Lake Ste. Anne. Brought 3 martens, 7 minks, 1,300 musquash, 2 lynx, 3 beaver, 1 wolf, 1 buffalo skin and 2 buffalo robes, being the first proceeds of that establishment.

FAREWELL

I loved you—and my love e'en yet, it may be,

Within my soul has not quite died away:

Howbeit it shall trouble you no further,

For I would bring no cloud across your day.

I loved you with a wordless, hopeless passion,

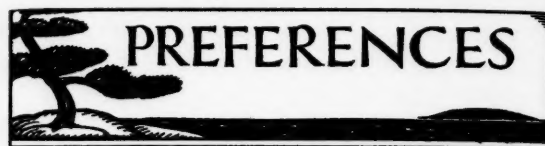
By jealousy, by shame brought very low;

Most truly and most tenderly I loved you—

God grant some other heart may love you so!

Translated from the Russian of Pushkin

By C. V. PILCHER.



ANY readers of these pages who contemplate having their biographies written after their demise should lose no time in instructing their wives—and their uncles and their cousins and their aunts as well—to keep their hands off the job. Their business is to divulge, to let all the cats out of the bag—the more, the merrier—and to leave it to others to deal with them. Whoever writes the 'life', it must not be a member of the family. And as between a friend and a stranger—unless the friend's name is James Boswell—I am not sure that the stranger has not the advantage.

These remarks are prompted by the second volume of the *Life of Thomas Hardy* which his widow has just completed and issued at the Macmillan house. When I first heard that Mrs. Hardy was to be her husband's biographer my instinctive feeling was one of disappointment. 'Here', I said, 'is another of those family and official biographies, padded out with the things no one wants to know and sedulously protected from the real intimacies of the subject. How much better if some younger poet-acquaintance had been entrusted with the task, say Walter De la Mare or Robert Graves. Then there would be something to get excited about'.

The first volume almost persuaded me that I was wrong and that in this case the wife was the best historian. And so, perhaps, she would have been if Hardy had left the same materials for his later years as for his earlier. For it became fairly clear as one proceeded that the early chapters were virtually Hardy's, that he had written—or perhaps dictated—some reminiscences of his youthful days, and that these reminiscences had been treated with admirable tact by his devoted biographer. Listen to the opening words of the first volume:—

It was in a lonely and silent spot between woodland and heathland that Thomas Hardy was born, about eight o'clock on Tuesday morning the 2nd of June 1840, the place of his birth being the seven-roomed rambling house that stands easternmost of the few scattered dwellings called Higher Bockhampton, in the parish of Stinsford, Dorset. The domiciles were quaint, brass-knocked, and green-shuttered then, some with green garden-doors and white balls on the posts, and mainly occupied by lifeholders of substantial footing like the Hardys themselves.

How Hardyish this is in every turn of its phrasing. Notice the characteristic participial construction 'the place of his birth being . . .' and the slightly intractable 'easternmost' and 'domicile'. This is the very voice of Hardy. Here whether as recorder or as sympathetic medium Mrs. Hardy could not be bettered. It was this quality in the opening chapters that won over every reader and persuaded many that here was an ideal biography from start to finish. But this is not so. As the work proceeded and Hardy got safely landed in his first state of matrimony the light seemed to go out. Hardy's intimate record stopped and no other was forthcoming to replace it. The volume which began so excellently ended in flatness.

The second volume confirms my suspicions. It is flat from the start. It consists partly of social notes from Hardy's diary, many of them distressingly meaningless. The picture of Hardy as a society man—which he was apparently compelled to be during his first marriage—is incongruous and—as here presented—a little inept. Witness the following item:—

September 14. Drove with Em. to the Sheridan's, Frampton. Tea on lawn. Mrs. Mildmay, young Harcourt, Lord Dufferin, etc. On our return all walked with us as far as the first park-gate. May [afterwards Lady Stracey] looked remarkably well.

This is not the whole of the book. We find, as before, many of Hardy's comments on life and letters. But here again disappointment awaits us. There can be little doubt that Hardy's intellect hardened somewhat in middle or later years and that the telling aphorisms which brought such enrichment to the account of his early maturity are not equalled by those which came afterwards. He still says interesting things but he says them less well and he is increasingly occupied with his critics. Here is a typical paragraph from about 1900:—

Almost all the fault-finding was, in fact, based on the one great antecedent conclusion that an author who has published prose first, and that largely, must necessarily express himself badly in verse, no reservation being added to except cases in which he may have published prose for temporary or compulsory reasons, or prose of a poetical kind, or have written verse first of all, or for a long time intermediately.

It should be clear from all this that the first life of Hardy is not a masterpiece and that the contemplation of Hardy in person is not as comfortable as his biographer assumes. But that does not make the study of Hardy less engrossing or this life of him less indispensable. It is and will remain the starting-point for all future lives and if it fails to make itself definitive it remains—perhaps in spite of itself—very suggestive. By betraying the inner dilemmas of this strange personality—his inability to understand either himself or his pessimism, his desire to be simple where he was highly complex, his morbid sensitiveness to opinion, his half-suppressed sympathy with orthodoxy and even with the bishops who derided him—this volume sets the mind working on Hardy in ways that were scarcely intended. For although Mrs. Hardy scrupulously steers clear of all interpretation and character-drawing and sticks to the facts or to her personal choice of facts, the problems leak out notwithstanding, they lay hold of the reader's curiosity and set him wondering what the next life of Hardy will be like and who will start the real business of explaining him.

How much more satisfactory it is likely to be than this first pious but guarded tribute is well suggested by a passage in it from another pen. In 1920 *The Dynasts* was produced at Oxford and the undergraduate who was deputed to meet the Hardys at the station and escort them on that occasion gives his account of the day. It is the best thing—the only really good thing—in the book. And it is good because it is natural, one human being talking freely about another.

To sum up the effect of this volume—after all the photographs of Hardy, Hardy on the lawn, Hardy

pen in hand, Hardy's trousers, and so on, it was a relief to close the book and look at Augustus John's imaginative portrait of him, concerning which Hardy said himself 'I don't know whether that is how I look or not—but that is how I feel'. The moral is plain—the truth of biography is not in the facts but in the interpretation. If Hardy could read his wife's life of him he would say—either gratefully or ungratefully—'You have left me out'.

INCONSTANT READER.

A HYACINTH FOR EDITH

Now that the ashen rain of gummy April
Clacks like a weedy and stain'd mill,

So that all the tall purple trees
Are pied porpoises in swishing seas,

And the yellow horses and milch cows
Come out of their long frosty house

To gape at the straining flags
The brown pompous hill wags,

I'll seek within the woods' black plinth
A candy-sweet sleek wooden hyacinth;

And in its creaking naked glaze,
And in the varnish of its blaze,

The bird of ecstasy shall sing again,
The bearded sun shall spring again—

A new ripe fruit upon the sky's high tree,
A flow'ry island in the sky's wide sea—

And childish cold ballades, long dead, long mute,
Shall mingle with the gaiety of bird and fruit,

And fall like soft and soothing rain
On all the ardour, all the pain,

Lurking within this tinsel paradise
Of trams and cinemas and manufactured ice,

Till I am grown again my own lost ghost
Of joy, long lost, long given up for lost,

And walk again the wild and sweet wildwood
Of our lost innocence, our ghostly childhood.

A. J. M. SMITH.





THE NEW WRITERS

VII.

THE POETRY OF E. E. CUMMINGS

THE poetry of E. E. Cummings has a queer fourth-dimensional quality which repels the average reader, but greatly delights those who revel in the subtleties of metaphysical verse. The word 'metaphysical' has been employed, in this narrow sense, to denote poetry that expresses a very special kind of emotion resulting from the intellectual re-arrangement of facts and concepts in new patterns. John Donne, in English literature, is the most commanding figure among such poets, and Cummings, although his idiom is utterly different, is already being bracketed with Donne in anthologies and treatises on poetry, and may, conceivably, be ranked on equal terms with him by a not-too-distant posterity.

Metaphysical verse inevitably tends toward the mathematical and the musical. It is impossible to speak of it without alliteration for the three characteristics are so closely allied. Cummings' poetry, even more than Donne's, is often mathematical in its precision, leading to the frequent use of such words as 'distinct', 'exact', 'accurate', and producing such a line as—'the square virtues and the oblong sins'. It is also mathematical in the nature of the relationship with which it deals, as when he says:—

notice the convulsed orange *inch* of moon
perching on this silver *minute* of evening

It is 'musical' in its occasional concern (outside of meaning) with abstract arrangements of vowels and consonants as typographical entities-in-themselves, as:—

i'm
so
drunG
k, dear

or, as patterns of subtly-spaced sounds, in such a passage as:—

or if sunset utters one
unhurried muscled huge chromatic
fist skilfully modeling silence

To say that there is a fourth-dimensional quality in Cummings' work is not to suggest that it is simply a jumble of hazy images going off in all directions (which seems to be the average view of his verse), but rather to hint at the removal of phenomena from ordinary space-time dimensions into a realm which, like the fourth dimension, demands the transcendence of ordinary mathematics to become intelligible.

In this respect his poetry relates to that type of abstract painting which cannot be called two-dimensional, and yet possesses, instead of the usual space-perspective that makes a painting three-dimensional, a new and puzzling illusion of space that is foreign to normal visual experience.

The poems about Picasso and other modernistic painters, the fact that he has lived a good deal

in Paris, and has himself experimented with abstract painting, are perhaps better proofs that Cummings is closely in sympathy with the whole so-called modernistic movement. And this is further borne out by the fact that on an occasion when I had the opportunity for a long talk with him, he made little or no attempt to explain his creative impulse, but, instead, bought me a copy of a magazine containing an article by Strawinsky, saying that it expressed his own aims better than he could himself.

At times the fourth-dimensional quality is quite consciously sought, as when a poem is made to conclude with these lines:—

As
peacefully,
lifted
into the awful beauty
of sunset
the young city
putting off dimension with a blush
enters
the becoming garden of her agony

but usually it results from the curious inversions and seemingly unaccountable juxtaposition of words, as in a poem about the sea which contains the following:—

out of dumb strong hands infinite
the erect deep upon me
in the last light
pours its eyeless miles

If it be true that the chief function of the poet is to 'enlarge the experience' of his audience, it can be said of Cummings that he succeeds in such an enlargement, at least in the direction of an unprecedented intensity of verbal penetration; although, in another sense, the limits of his consciousness appear to be less 'expanded' than those of many poets of more ordinary calibre. Sensing no greater wholeness of life than the peculiar intellectual conception of higher space into which his images constantly crumble, Cummings, like Donne, is obsessed with death and the 'noise of worms'. Over and over again he resolves the chaotic development of his poems by swinging suddenly into a major chord in which the deep reverberations of death are dominant. This occurs even in a half-humorous poem about Buffalo Bill which ends:—

how do you like your blueeyed boy
Mister Death?

But it would be unjust to suggest that the counter-theme of Spring, which balances his obsession with Death, is less nobly treated. Spring, indeed, inspires the greatest flights of his fancy, as when he sings:—

And still the mad magnificent herald Spring
assembles beauty from forgetfulness
with the wild trump of April: witchery
of sound and odour drives the wingless thing
man forth into bright air, for now the red
leaps in the maple's cheek, and suddenly
by shining hordes in sweet unserious dress
ascends the golden crocus from the dead.

He will have no ascension other than Spring, devoting a whole poem to the 'spontaneous earth', which he pictures as being prodded and buffeted by science and religion that it might 'conceive gods', but showing it finally:—

true
to the incomparable
couch of death thy
rhythmic
lover
thou answerest
them only with
spring

The pendulum of Cummings' thought swings always narrowly between these two—the dark lover and his bright offspring—but within these limits the beat is authentic and the tick-tock music almost hypnotic by reason of its strange vibrations.

BERTRAM BROOKER.

POEMS

BY IVAN McNEIL

END

Belshazzar reared against man's destiny
even as I rear—and the dark hands pass—
god-man was god and beast eventually
and bayed the moon and filled his guts with grass.

*It is too late for invocation now
now chaos mutters in the mouth that sings
now we are sea-slugs brooding over wings—
it is too late for invocation now*

Belshazzar saw what I am come to see
a want persistent as an eye in glass—
god-man was god and beast eventually
and there is still a moon and leagues of grass.

WIND

A cold wind whistles in my heart to-night
blowing back veil on veil until there comes
beyond their colored darkness naked light
and threat of drums.

*Drums! and my feet are stamping down the stars!
Light! and my hands reach out to strangle gods!
Drums! and my eyes consider iron bars!
Light! and my dreams sleep like exhausted bards!*

A cold wind whistles whitely in my heart
the veiling thunders backward and I see
the conquering in which man has no part
the littleness of mortal ecstasy.

SEA DEATH

So upward I have strained against the stars,
touching the nearest with the most of pain,
my pain has been as dull sea-mist that mars
the sea in vain.

Not striving now—in ultimate defeat,
I stand alone on the last edge of earth
with all I sought for huddled at my feet
in sad sea birth.

Here waters gather unguessed systems in,
as though to say—only the dead dream true:
my drowned to the last moon-world in me win—
and you? and you?



TWO MEN

FOCH, A Biography, by Major-General Sir George G. Aston (MacMillans in Canada; pp. xxvi, 483; illustrated; \$5.00).

ADVENTURE, by Major-General the Rt. Hon. J. E. B. Seely (Heinemann-Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 326; illustrated; \$6.00).

EACH of these books deserves a review to itself, but having read them together one naturally writes of them together for they present many interesting contrasts. The one is the life of a professional soldier, the other of an amateur; one shows us the Generalissimo, aloof, Olympian, orchestrating armies, groups of armies and the massed forces of great nations; the other shows us the Brigadier in the line, at the other pole of the brass-hatted world, handling small bodies of men whom he knows intimately, in action against an enemy who is not a line on a map but a blot on the landscape. The Marshal, as it were, gripped the hilt of the Allied sword; the Brigadier was its point, often bloody. But perhaps the most intriguing contrast is seen when we regard these two men as national types, English and French. One is fair, blue-eyed, with thoughtful brow and square determined chin; imperturbable, confident, chary of speech, placing deeds above words and character above intellect, drawing his strength from a faith of which he never talks and inspired by a patriotism that burns like a steady flame; never changing his mind, never turned from his purpose, with the heart of a lion and the tenacity of a bulldog; this is Ferdinand Foch of France. We turn to the Englishman and see an alert wiry figure, gallant, vivacious, debonair; a big nose in a lean brown face, a courageous eye; a chivalrous spirit, this one, a leader of forlorn hopes, of an unparalleled audacity; as careless of his life as he is jealous of his honour; the hero of a thousand adventures which he recounts with the most engaging gusto not as uncommon things he has done but as extraordinary things that have happened to him. No wonder Lord Birkenhead has called Seely the D'Artagnan of his time. And yet, of course, the truth is that General Seely is the most English of men, just as his friend Marshal Foch was the most French.

Nevertheless, Foch was the sort of Frenchman who understands the English best, and General Aston makes us appreciate how fortunate it was for the Allies that in the two most critical periods of the war, the first year and the last, Foch was the man upon whom the co-operation of the French and British depended. In the first period with French, in the second with Haig, in the most difficult circumstances, complicated by conflicting plans of strategy, divided counsels, jealousies, suspicions, and blunders in high places, Foch, handicapped always by the lack of real authority, succeeded in maintaining the united front and concerted action that were essential to victory. It is characteristic that the most serious friction between the French and British was caused by the fact that Foch stuck consistently

to the original Allied plan of strategy while the British were always wanting to change it. That Foch understood the British to some degree even before the war is proved by his famous reply to Sir Henry Wilson when asked with what minimum of British troops he would be satisfied in the event of a German invasion. 'One soldier', said Foch, 'I will see that he is killed at once, and then the whole British Empire will come to avenge him.' When the first British soldiers came to France in 1914 he formed a high opinion of them which never altered. He constantly set them tasks which they protested were impossible, and they always did more than Foch himself had thought possible. This suited a man who set action above words. The British on their part came to understand Foch and to trust him. Certainly they did great things together. General Aston tells us that on the night of the Armistice a British General came to Foch's headquarters to congratulate him on his victory. Foch was found alone, smoking a pipe, and 'in answer to his visitor's congratulations he said: "*Ce n'est pas moi—c'est nous*".'

General Aston's purpose has been to show Foch 'through English eyes'. He has had much authentic material to draw on which he has used with discrimination and blended with his own first-hand knowledge into a whole that gives us a clear understanding of the Marshal's strategy and governing ideas as well as of his character and very human personality. We feel that the biographer here has the rare understanding of his subject that springs from a spiritual affinity. This book will become a standard work; written by a British Staff Officer, it is fittingly dedicated to General Weygand, 'In token of admiration of the example of loyalty and devotion to a Great Chief which he set to the Staff Officers of all armies for all time.'

Foch's life was all of a piece, planned for a definite purpose in an eventuality which he felt certain would come with time. Seely's life was happy-go-lucky, even in its most serious political phase, until a certain spring morning in 1918. Long before the great war arrived Major Seely had set a record in lives for cats to envy. He had miraculously escaped death a dozen times, by air, by fire, and by water, in three continents and along the 'roaring forties', as sailor, soldier, sportsman, and member of a life-boat crew. He had also been Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies and Minister for War. But his 'one confident claim to distinction' was that he had 'made the luckiest bad shot for the British Empire that any man has made', for in South Africa he shot twice at Botha at a range of fifteen yards and missed him both times. 'I like to remember', he writes, 'that eight years later Botha sat in the gallery of the House of Commons while I proposed the South African Union Bill.' In August, 1914, he got a job after his own heart—Special Service Officer to his friend Field-Marshal French, to visit the hottest part of the front every day and report personally to the Commander-in-Chief. He had a desperate time, with the British rearguard in the retreat from Mons, with Smith-Dorrien at Le Cateau, with the French infantry, with the Belgians. When the Germans were shelling Antwerp General Seely was organizing its defence in the trenches, telephoning Lord Kitchener particulars from a cellar while the city burned over his head, arranging with King Albert the withdrawal of his army, upon

whose existence in the field the fate of Belgium depended. General Seely was the last man out of Antwerp. Then he was at the battle of the Marne. In the thick of the first battle of Ypres he was in a little trench with a corporal and two men shooting ghostly lines of Germans in the snow. When Ramsay MacDonald got arrested in Flanders by mistake it was his old friend Seely who released him and got him mixed up in a battle instead of showing him the hospital he had come to visit. General Seely knew all about the war when, early in 1915, Lord Kitchener appointed him to command the Canadian Cavalry Brigade. It was a happy choice.

The exploits of our Cavalry Brigade from 1915 to 1918 are well known in Canada, but it is pleasant to have them described with many kindly reminiscences by the Commander, who dedicates his book to his Canadian comrades. Never were a leader and his troops better suited to each other. Though jealously careful of his men, General Seely never missed an opportunity for a bold stroke worth striking. With his Canadians he made two attacks without orders and three attacks against orders, all were successful. At the crisis of the war, on March 30, 1918, it was the Canadian Cavalry that stopped the Germans before Amiens. Their leader tells us quite simply that when he came up ahead of his Brigade and saw the broken front he knew this moment was what all his life had been for. The Germans were still advancing, in overwhelming force; if they were not pushed back and held on the Moreuil Ridge, Amiens would be taken, the Allies' main line would be definitely broken, the French would be thrust back on Paris, the British on the Channel ports, and all that they had fought for so doggedly would be lost. The recapture and defence of the Moreuil Ridge was a great feat of arms, and a decisive operation. Weygand told Seely later: 'While you held on to that ridge I got ninety-five batteries of Seventy-fives into position, and during the ensuing thirty-six hours they fired one million, three hundred thousand shells.' With that reassuring thunder in his ears, the Brigadier, gassed, riding a stray mule, brought his men out of the line for the last time. As his friend the Marshal used to say to his Generals: 'Your greatness does not depend upon the size of your command, but on the manner in which you exercise it.'

RICHARD de BRISAY.

GREEK AND ROMAN PAINTING AND ARCHITECTURE

GREEK VASE-PAINTING, By Ernst Buschor. Translated by G. C. Richards, M.A., F.S.A., with a preface by Percy Gardner, Litt.D., F.B.A., Professor of Classical Archaeology in the University of Oxford (Chatto and Windus; 30/-).

ATTIC BLACK-FIGURE. A Sketch. By J. D. Beazley. Being the Annual Lecture on Aspects of Art before the British Academy (Humphrey Milford; 7/6).

A HANDBOOK OF GREEK AND ROMAN ARCHITECTURE, By D. S. Robertson (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xxiv, 406; and 24 plates; \$7.50).

THE number of books which will give the reader a bird's-eye view of Greek Vase-Painting would not require the fingers of one hand to count. Besides Mr. Beazley's translation of Pfuhl's *Master-*

pieces of Greek Drawing and Painting, and Miss Herford's slight *Handbook of Greek Vase-Painting*, the only one is Buschor's *Griechische Vasenmalerei*, the translation of which into English, therefore, was a welcome event. Walter's two-volume *History of Ancient Pottery* is cumbersome, out of date, and for reference rather than reading straight through. Along with Messrs. Pfuhl and Beazley, Buschor is one of a trio who may be said to know all that is to be known of Greek Vase-Painting; hence the appearance of his handbook was eagerly awaited; nor were the expectations aroused disappointed. Its translation into English made it available to many more people. The English of the Rev. G. C. Richards is a little Teutonic, involving the reading of a number of sentences twice in order fully to grasp their meaning, but this is not altogether a disadvantage in a book so crammed with matter.

In the short space of 159 pages Herr Buschor treats the various stages in the history of Greek Vase-Painting and is at great pains to point out the circumstances in which each style arose and flourished, its peculiar character, and its significance in relation to the whole development. His treatment of the VIIth century, when Greek Painting was in a ferment of excited experiment and confusion owing to the influence of the East, is clear and most illuminating; he does not shirk the problems, but sets them before the student or artist in a way which should help the artist of today to appreciate the very similar state of things in which he is involved, mingled influences from every quarter being tried out, and either rejected after a space or retained. The study of Greek Painting in the VIIth century B.C. should be of vast interest to every artist who is at all philosophically or historically minded about his art; there is no more attractive period in the history of painting. The chapter on the Black Figure Style is another masterpiece; the present writer is especially delighted by the introductory review of the events leading up to the Black-Figure Style. It would seem impossible to put this more effectively or in plainer language. There are 160 half-tone figures of representative vases, spread over 96 plates, amply illustrating the author's text for the beginner. The only point that seems to merit criticism is the method of inserting these plates in the book, owing to which, after a little use, some of the plates are bound to become detached. In the German edition (published at one-quarter the price) the superiority is marked, text and illustrations being intermixed, and both on heavy, glossy paper, so that there is no need to stick the plates in the already completed and bound text at every few pages. But this is a mechanical matter; at the book it is impossible to carp. It must be read by everyone professing an acquaintance with Greek Painting.

Mr. Beazley's Lecture deals with the delightful Black-Figure Period of Greek Vase-Painting, roughly the VIth century B.C. No one alive is superior to Mr. Beazley in knowledge of the vases themselves, or in the capacity for conveying an understanding and appreciation of them to others. Of this capacity the lecture here printed (delivered to the British Academy in 1928), is an excellent example. Mr. Beazley plunges at once 'in medias res': 'Let us begin by look-



Oxford Books

A Miniature History of European Art

by R. H. Wilenski
Probably \$1.50

A survey of Art in Europe from the earliest cave drawings to the present day. The book, in addition to being a remarkably complete survey of Europe's artistic development, brings into prominence the essential difference between the classical and romantic view of the artist's function. Illustrated with 24 plates in half-tone.

Marcel Proust: Sa Revelation Psychologique

par Arnaud Dandieu
\$1.00

Too much criticism of Proust has concerned itself with the trivialities of chat and innuendo. This book is a serious attempt to tackle the problem which Proust's attitude to fiction, and his achievement, raises for psychologists. It is more than a study of Proust, for it approaches with intelligence and acuteness the whole question of the artist's relation to his material.

Twentieth Century Sculptors

by Stanley Casson
Probably \$3.00

Mr. Casson's "Some Modern Sculptors" appeared at the end of 1928, and dealt with the work of Maillol, Bourdelle, Mestrovic, Gill, Epstein, and others. In the present book Mr. Casson completes his survey with fully illustrated accounts of the work of Milles, Manship, Kolbe, Archipenko, Zadkine, Herzog, and Dobson. In an introductory chapter he discusses at some length certain fundamental general questions, and devotes another chapter to the vexed subject of Public Sculpture. With 32 half-tone plates.

Studies In Keats

by J. Middleton Murry
Probably \$2.50

These six studies are supplementary to Mr. Murry's "Keats and Shakespeare," which received such an enthusiastic reception by both critics and public. In them Mr. Murry discusses "Endymion" at length, and again debates the much-debated question of what Keats meant by "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty." Another essay analyses "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," and two other essays discuss Keats' philosophic ideas.

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ing at an Attic blackfigure vase', he says, and selects for this purpose one of the exquisite, gem-like, miniature-painting cups made by the potter Phrynos. From an examination of this he deduces what the black-figure style is; then he goes back and traces a clear path through the whole development of the style, from its beginnings in the late VIIIth century down to its close, and the substitution of the red-figure technique. Many of his remarks and comments are a pure joy; for instance, his analysis of the style of the amphora at New York depicting Heracles slaying a Centaur: 'the main picture,.....and even more.....the moonfaced lion and panto deer on the neck, the bird-life, cable-bands, spirals, flourishes, scriggles, skittles, flowering shrubs, and mysteriously cactiform objects, all these seem to have come straight out of the artist's own head, without the intervention of preparatory sketch—or preparatory thought. And the whole thing has a spontaneity and natural exuberance which are more congenial to the taste of today (or do I mean yesterday?) than the disciplined art that followed; for what is more exciting than to totter on the brink of chaos?' Anyone who is at all interested in painting will derive intense enjoyment from this lecture. Literary students of the Classics, who are looking for a taste of what Greek Vases are really like, cannot do better than begin with this little book. It is finely illustrated with sixteen excellent plates, and there are eight appendices on special painters, e.g. the Amasis painter, Exekias, the Affecter, (by whom there is a vase in Toronto), with full bibliography for each. Assuredly a splendid feast, and to be recommended unreservedly.

The third book in this list by the Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, is a notable product of Cambridge scientific archaeology. There is scarcely a classical building of any importance that Professor Robertson does not mention, and mention, too, for its significant feature. Professor Robertson has co-ordinated it all and provided a guide, thus supplying a need long felt in the domain of ancient architecture. The reader may be conscious of a certain austere spirit in the book, manifesting itself in the great preponderance of line drawings over photographs, but this is a vital principle in the scientific conception of the work. A restored drawing of a building conveys much more than a photograph, though it may not be as picturesque. To get the general effect of the Erechtheum or the Paestum temples, photographs are readily available to everyone elsewhere; and the aim of this book is best served by the severer method.

This feature will appeal also to students of architecture, to whom, indeed, it can be confidently recommended. Nowhere else is such a clear and comprehensive treatment of ancient Classical building available to them. A characteristic merit and one very appropriate in a work coming from Cambridge, is the careful explanation of that inherent mathematical defect in the Doric Order, the difficulty with the end triglyph, which Greek architects struggled so long to overcome, without success. Other outstanding things in the book which will appeal strongly are the chapter on Greek and Roman Town Planning, the treatment of the Pompeian house, and the glossary of architectural terms.

To the lover of Greek Studies this book brings very great encouragement. Professor Robertson is highly distinguished in the field of pure scholarship; he has given us here proof that the vitality of Greek Studies continues undiminished, and that archaeology, their latest child, provides worthy material on which the greatest scholars may not be ashamed to try their mettle. The Regius Professor of Greek is the better archaeologist for being a scholar; he is the better scholar for being also an archaeologist.

J. H. ILIFFE.

THE MAGNIFICENT PAGEANT

THE CRUSADES: IRON MEN AND SAINTS, by Harold Lamb (Doubleday, Doran and Gundy; pp. xi. 368; \$3.00).

MR. LAMB loves pageantry. He saw two giants striding across Asia, with great fanfare of trumpets and processions of captive kings and rivers of treasure and tears and blood. Out of the intoxication of these he wrote *Tamerlane* and *Genghis Khan*, in a setting of splendour and hideous cruelty. The sheer exuberance of his imagination, his love of Oriental display, his boyish delight in flying troops and winding cavalcades and resistless charges, all these kept out of his writing the sadistic morbidity which even such a wholesome swaggerer as Christopher Marlowe could not quite keep out of his story of *Tamburlaine*. It was the bright colour of blood, not the noisomeness of it, that fascinated Mr. Lamb. It was the glitter and the glory of mighty marching arms.

Now, in Europe there have not been very many great spectacles in movement. Alexander is really an Asiatic conqueror, when he is spectacular. The westward march of the Celts through Central Europe may have been splendid, but it is too difficult to reconstruct. If one may judge from the historical records of men like Jordanes and the archeological investigations of modern scholars such as Salin, the sweep of the Goths south and west must have been colourful, but here, too, the records are too fragmentary as yet. The Scourge of God was effective, and rapid enough in all conscience. Moreover, Attila caught the imagination of the Germanic peoples as no other non-Germanic hero ever did. But the most beautiful and magnificent pageant of Europe, the gesture which combined the devotional, the dramatic, the idealistic, the spectacular, and the non-utilitarian in a superb synthesis of eternal, youthful faith and folly was the First Crusade. So, Mr. Lamb gives us the First Crusade.

Mr. Lamb is only mildly concerned with the underlying causes of the Crusades. There is very little given before the Council of Clermont and the proclaiming by Pope Urban II there of the First Crusade. There is a dark picture of the ordinary conditions of living in Western Europe in the eleventh century, in which our author makes use, without mentioning his source, of that joyous old Latin crib, the so-called *Aelfric's Colloquy*. There is a very sketchy description of the institution of knighthood, and a cursory glance at the struggle between the Empire and the Papacy. But Mr. Lamb is more interested in the events themselves of the Crusade and in the remarkable figures which it brought to the fore, than he is in underlying or contributing causes.

Our author carries on a curious little flirtation with scholarship. The book is not one for scholars. The publishers hint darkly at Vatican material made avail-

able to Mr. Lamb, and he takes frequent occasion to intimate that he has himself checked up, by personal measurement and the like, various statements of the crusaders, but the net result is nothing which will impress the man who knows his crusades period.

Indeed, the scholar is likely to find himself somewhat impatient with the lack of precise reference to the various chroniclers whom the author draws upon with great skill to heighten his effects. Fulcher of Chartres, the Anonymous Chronicler and others are mentioned generally, but not always specifically. Anna Comnene and Stephen of Blois add interesting touches, the latter especially.

However, the author has not written the book for historians, and the reading of such a vivid story, written by a man whose own equipment of scholarship is adequate to his purpose, should stimulate interest in the original sources of the period, and in the whole era whose overplus of enthusiasm found such extraordinary outlet.

J. D. ROBINS.

D. H. LAWRENCE

D. H. LAWRENCE. *A First Study* by Stephen Potter (Cape-Nelson; pp. 159).

D. H. LAWRENCE, by Richard Aldington (Chatto & Windus; pp. 43; 1/-).

IT IS probably still too soon to publish a really satisfactory book about D. H. Lawrence. It is true that he had produced a great body of work in prose, and had given final shape to his verse in the two volumes of *Collected Poems* published in 1928; and it was known too that he could not live to be an old man. Yet until the end there came new signs of his astonishing energy and vitality—the exhibition of pictures and the two little pamphlets which followed the official suppression of his exhibition, *Pornography and Obscenity* and *Nettles*, the latter containing some delightfully ridiculous stuff—parodies of hymns and nursery rhymes, most characteristic of Lawrence in a thoroughly flippant, naughty mood, changing occasionally into powerful and bitter irony. And now since his death there has appeared another little volume of essays, reprinting various earlier contributions to newspapers and periodicals.

It is thus only now that we can see the whole work finished and complete, and no longer to be touched by the easy enthusiasm or the light jibes of reviewers and journalists. Unfortunately neither of these two studies that have just appeared were written from this advantageous point of view. Mr. Potter's book was already in proof before Lawrence's death; he calls it a first study, 'a comment on certain aspects of his writings'. It is chiefly concerned with the Lawrence world of the novels, and some problems arising out of what Lawrence himself called his pseudopsychology. The poetry is indeed referred to, chiefly because of its autobiographical quality and to throw light on the novels, but Mr. Potter never seems to entertain for a moment the suspicion that here is the real clue to the personality of Lawrence and the real significance of his work—in the fact that he was essentially and above all else a poet. And so the very centre is missing, and the book necessarily lacks unity, and has the appearance of a number of odd impressions hurriedly flung together at the bidding of an impatient publisher.

The Travellers' Library

The books included in this library were chosen because of their fine literary quality. They are books of assured popularity, too, they represent authors of world-wide renown—Masefield, Maugham, Powys, Coppard, O'Flaherty, Butler, Gosse, Housman, Joyce, Morley, Thomas and about eighty-five others. Small, neat volumes printed on good paper in large type and bound in semi-flexible cloth. A selection of titles:—

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The Last Paradise

By Hickman Powell

Out in the Dutch East Indies, a night east of Java and just south of the equator, lies the tiny island of Balk. The handsome brown people of the island live in charming simplicity, little interested in the rest of the world, and caring not at all that the rest of the world pays little attention to them. Mr. Hickman Powell went to Balk intending to stay a few days and remained instead for years. In the book he tells of his life there. The book has an introduction by Andre Roosevelt and has illustrations by Alexander King.

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A Brass Hat in No Man's Land

By Brigadier-General Crozier

A "Front Line" war book, written by a soldier born and bred to war and experienced in the art of killing, who, despite his snappy manner "on parade" was at all times a human being. He describes the creation of blood lust in 1914, and the inculcation of martial ideas so that the enemy can be well met and matched, transference to France, and finally the arrival in the line.

\$250

Jonathan Cape Limited
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Mr. Aldington's essay—although the reprint of an article published three years ago, and necessarily a portrait study of Lawrence rather than a criticism of his work—seems to me altogether admirable. It is written by one who 'found much to quarrel about with him when he was alive, but who thinks of him alive and dead as one of the most brave, splendid and vital influences of his time'. And it is so admirable because he is concerned not with problems arising out of Lawrence's books, or with vain regrets about what he might have done or ought to have been, but with Lawrence—the man and the work—what he really is, or at least his own impression of what he seemed to be. And he takes as his text a saying of Lawrence, which might well be remembered by all critics, when they set out to write about a great artist:—

YOU TELL ME I AM WRONG.
WHO ARE YOU, WHO IS ANYBODY TO TELL ME
I AM WRONG?
I AM NOT WRONG.

He shows the man with his charming and his objectionable qualities, his abilities and his weaknesses, but always a man who in life and art dared to be himself, a thorough-going anarchist and a great, but careless and unequal, artist.

He is willing to accept the whole of him and to thank God for the richness and the splendour of his genius, without troubling about the things he can't stomach, or the endless pages of rubbish, which a much lesser man could easily have eliminated by careful revision. He sees clearly that it was an inevitable quality of Lawrence's mind that he could not be bothered with such things, and we have to be content to take or leave what he sometimes rather contemptuously flung into our faces. And it is refreshing to find someone who is ready to admire the 'hectic naturalism' of his novels:—'It is customary to deplore Lawrence's sensuality, and his books have been mutilated by lawyers, those admirable hypocrites; I think he should be praised for it.' He suggests however that Lawrence ought to have published an 'Expurgated edition of the Works of D. H. Lawrence, with all sensuality and beauty removed. May be placed in all hands, female, legal, medical and moral.'

H. J. DAVIS.

STERILIZATION

STERILIZATION FOR HUMAN BETTERMENT, by E. S. Gosney and Paul Popenoe (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xviii, 202; \$2.25).

THIS little book presents the results of a study of 6000 sterilization operations performed on inmates of California's institutions for the care of the feeble-minded and the insane. The authors are not medical men but they are experienced statisticians and they have conducted a very extensive investigation whose lessons point a very pertinent moral to the rest of the continent. They have avoided the usual errors of the optimistic Eugenist and they promise no millennium, but they do claim that the extension of this policy would probably lead within three generations to a reduction by one half of the mental defect and disease of North America. What this would mean may be appreciated best by realizing that the U.S.A. now spends thirty millions a year in caring for only one per cent. of the country's defectives, and that an

annual budget of a billion dollars will be required if the work is to be adequately carried out.

The operations in use are not serious. In the male it is done under local anesthesia and involves no hospitalization. In the female it involves less than the removal of an appendix and requires only ten days in bed. In neither case is there any change in the sex life of the individual, nor in his general behaviour. Many people voluntarily submit to these operations for various reasons, and very rarely do they express any regret for having done so. The mortality rate is very low,—3 cases in 6000—even though insane patients are notoriously difficult to control after operation. One insane woman on record escaped the next day and climbed a tree, fortunately without ill effects.

The whole subject is one on which the general public is completely uninformed, and the hostility often shown, even by non-Catholics, is that due to ignorance and misconception. It is only when the alternatives are explained that the interest of the average citizen can be aroused. A personal contact with one single family of defectives usually makes a convert for life. There is one thing that a defective can always be counted on to do and that is reproduce his kind. None of the ordinary methods of birth control are of any value in such cases so the only alternatives are segregation or sterilization. Segregation costs millions and causes much unhappiness that might be spared. Sterilization enables many to live fairly normal and happy lives, doing useful work and supporting themselves.

The next advance in our treatment of defectives will come through the spread of sterilization. To achieve this there must be education of the public. As an introduction to the subject this excellent volume could hardly be improved upon.

A. GOULDING.

ESSAYS

ELIZABETHAN AND OTHER ESSAYS, By Sir Sidney Lee. Selected and edited by Frederick S. Boas (Oxford University Press; pp. 337; \$5.50).

YOU will often hear it said that a book is 'fascinating' by which is meant 'deeply interesting'—no more. But this really fascinates: even when you have read it through, some uncanny power forces you to peer into it again and again, wondering whether these marvels are perchance nothing but a dream. In plain language, this is a triumph of scholarship. Poor (sometimes bad) English, a naïveté here and there reaching downright ineptitude, saved nevertheless, saved beyond doubt, by sound knowledge and a passion for disseminating it. Sir Sydney's expressions are at times amazing. 'Those who have distinguished themselves in future careers'. 'To record in written words, on the printed page'. 'Free of' for 'free from' occurs twice. 'None of his scholars equalled his own powers'. 'On the surface of this great chart every discovery was entered'. Here is a beauty: 'When he breathed his last in Quebec in 1637, he knew that genuine fruit had come of the aspirations which Cartier formulated, and he and his companions revived and developed'. At the first two readings I imagined that Champlain came to life again. I omit all my other finds save this triumph of meaninglessness from the close: 'The land destined by history for the empire

State...' What sinister goblin ensorcelled them all—Lee, Professor Boas, and the Oxford Press?

The incidental judgments are often amazing. Not that they are all wrong; but listen to this:—

Literature is of varied texture, of varied forms, of varied values. Like the firmament it finds place for stars of many magnitudes. Shakespeare's work is the greatest contribution to English literature. But an infinite mass of writing, inferior to his, lies within the limits of English study, which should be comprehensive.

Why print such stuff, unless indeed to give a beautiful instance of the common misuse of the word 'infinite'? How can what is infinite lie within the limits of anything? He stays to tell us that George Eliot was a great Victorian novelist, that Ariosto was an Italian poet, that Boxing Day is the day after Christmas, that Hamlet is a tragic masterpiece. Other opinions are less obvious. 'No great national literature has ever existed without some foreign nutrition'. What of Greek? In Boswell's *Johnson* there are 'no superfluities'. What of that gigantic mass of verbiage about Scotch law in Chapter XIX? On p. 57 occurs this weird jumble: 'A Frenchman has said that the features of Alexander ought only to be preserved by the chisel of Apelles'. It may be that the anonymous Frenchman is responsible for everything but the misplaced 'only'; but why quote him? Apelles was a painter, and used no chisel; it should be Lysippus. Further, the story was that Alexander gave command, not a pious expression of opinion, that no painter save Apelles, no sculptor save Lysippus, should make a portrait of him; and the story comes from Horace. 'Every supreme master (save Molière, the exception which proves the rule) has concentrated his mature powers on tragedy'. What of Aristophanes? And is it not lamentable that Lee should endorse the utterly stupid mistranslation of *exceptio probat regulam*, which is generally taken—as here—to mean that anything telling against your view tells for it! Iago is called 'the profoundest of all portraits of hypocrisy and intellectual villainy', whereas he is a mere cardboard figure beside a real person like Tartuffe. The same word is used of Shakespeare himself: 'the profoundest intelligence of the age'. One did not expect a man like Lee to endorse such thoughtless idolatry: anyone who cannot see that Shakespeare's intellect, compared with Bacon's or with his own imagination, was mediocre, has a vast amount to learn. Several passages are vitiated by an imperfect acquaintance with classical literature. Some have been mentioned; further, an idea is attributed to Pope that comes from Horace, and it is implied that Tasso is the originator of a thought expressed in the most famous lines of Catullus (*vivamus atque amemus* etc.).

Now, all this is deplorable, much of it (not to mince matters) disgraceful. Then this is a bad book? Nothing of the kind: it contains a great amount of ably written, almost magically interesting, matter. That incongruity is what makes this volume such a curiosity. The articles or lectures grow in vigour and value from the beginning: 'The Impersonal Aspect of Shakespeare's Art' is almost ridiculous; but the 'Tasso' is good. Then turn to 'The American Indian in Elizabethan England' and read the exciting and entirely new comment on Caliban's 'no more dams I'll make for fish'. But even that is a detail, like the origin of the

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name Florida, the fitness of American corn for ('use in the manufacture of' is the fumbling insertion here) sacramental bread, the Brazilian word 'hammock', the Eskimo born in England, California named after an imaginary country in a novel (I beg pardon—in a popular contemporary work of fiction'). Turn to great issues and read the stirring account of the organization devised so rapidly by Spain for her immense and immensely distant empire, the West India House of Trade established at Seville within ten years of Columbus' landing: 'the extant municipal records of the City of Mexico begin in 1524'. And contrast therewith the sluggishness of England in taking up the idea of Western colonization. Lee quotes an interview between Elizabeth and Thomas Stukeley that shows her utterly undreaming of any extension of English sovereignty; he mentions too the English merchant who 'warned the men in his employ that should they attempt to settle in any new country, they would, if captured, be treated as deserters'. It is astonishing that he does not add familiar and eloquent passages in *Cymbeline* that reveal Shakespeare as sharing this lethargy; but, as we saw, he is an idolator. The whole American part of this book is thrilling; if only Professor Boas had left out most of the rest and revised the English!

GILBERT NORWOOD.

VERSE AND WORSE

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY, by H. M. Green (J. M. Dent and Sons; pp. 75; \$1.50)

THE HASTING DAY, by George Herbert Clarke (J. M. Dent and Sons; pp. 100; \$1.00).

TIDAL YEARS AND OTHER POEMS, by M. Blanche Bishop (Privately printed; pp. 66).

REBELS and Other Love Poems, by Ramón Francisco (The Graphic Publishers; pp. 93; \$1.50).

CANADA'S FUR-BEARERS, by Robert Watson (The Graphic Publishers; pp. 48.)

It is significant, I think, that the immediate effect produced by such a group as the books under review is a desperate resolve to be fair. That in itself shows a lack somewhere. Poetry should not need to be approached thus consciously; it should carry an emotional appeal awakening an immediate response. When it fails in this, it has surely missed its mark.

And yet there lingers the question whether the audience as well as the poet is not partly to blame. For, though the poetry be minor, that does not inevitably imply that it is bad. And one wonders whether this is not, after all, a sad age for a poet to be born into. Emotions are no longer easily aroused by words, by imagery, by rhyme and metre. Perhaps only genius is adequate for the task of winning the heart's tribute; mere talent in the field of poetry must be content with the judgement of the intellect—and that has never been enough.

Take, for instance, the mystic narrative poem by Mr. Green. The publishers describe it as 'a faery poem of most delicate fancy and texture,' and so no doubt it is. Moreover, it has in many passages a strength of imagery and an ease of movement that cannot fail of recognition. Why is it that, in spite of this, one lays down the volume with no feeling of having been definitely touched by its admitted excellence? Possibly because of the very fact—again the helpful

publisher!—that 'one is taken straight into a dream world that lies beyond experience', and so is removed from any sense of actuality. In any case, there it is—good verse, verse no doubt worth doing, but verse that somehow fails to stir.

The same is true of Professor Clarke's volume of lyrics. Here is an author who is thoroughly grounded in the best of English literature, and who has a fine quality of mind to add to his familiarity with technique. True, one is apt to feel that his very familiarity with past masters introduces unconscious echoes into his own work, and that in his ingenious rhymes he occasionally sacrifices felicity to facility. Yet it is sound verse, and some of his sonnets especially have a truly individual quality; but the final magic is somehow lacking, and without that magic even the most competent verse falls short of real significance.

Miss Bishop's poems are published by her sister in a memorial volume. They have a feeling for colour and movement, a gently inquiring note regarding the Soul and its intentions, and occasionally, as in the sonnet 'At Dawn' or the longer poem 'Tidal Years', a sense of something really big that just eludes their grasp. There is little doubt that their writing gave a real pleasure—which makes the mildness of outside approbation a thing of secondary importance.

For Ramón Francisco's alleged love poems, on the other hand, I can find no explanation whatever. The very excellence of their setting—a really fine bit of work by the Graphic Press—only accentuates their shortcomings, their paucity of content, and inadequacy of expression. Even from the point of view of the author it seems unlikely that any real satisfaction could be derived from giving such infelicitous form to his adolescent fancies. For all I know, he may be bald and fifty, but that would not alter the quality of his verse. It would remain adolescent though he were a grandfather.

As for Mr Watson's little nature studies in verse, which he commends to the innocent youth of this country, I can do no worse than quote his opening stanza. It is a cruel thing to do, but it is his own fault. After all, he wrote it himself:—

We are going to set out with a definite plan
To learn of our fur-bearers all that we can,
And in such a manner that when we are through
We'll wish we had more of the lesson to do.

You, dear reader, may go on from there if you wish. But my own feeling is that no child should be exposed to things like that.

EDGAR MCINNIS.

A TORTURED FAUN

THE BEAUTIFUL YEARS, By Henry Williamson, Faber and Faber—Irwin & Gordon; pp. 246; \$2.00.)

DESPITE its varied charm, this book will interest many even more as marking a phase in the development of an unusually gifted writer. One can find fault with it as a novel. It has no structure and little development; the different strands are often not interwoven but merely placed side by side: one might even say that here are three short books—the boyish adventures of Willie Maddison, a study of bird and animal life, the love of Jim and Dolly—simply tied together. But the flaws in construction increase our understanding of Mr. Williamson's own artistic

growth. This book was written years before that exquisite work, *The Pathway*, and has been revised to form the first part of a sequence, called *The Flax of Dreams*, which is to include *The Pathway* also. Before it, Mr. Williamson had published nothing but studies of animal life, and it is delightful to watch these early interests pass here into crude novel form, to be wrought in *The Pathway* later into the fabric of a wise and beautiful history of certain great souls. A reader of the later book can hardly say where the poetry of bird and beast, star and flower, ceases, and the poetry of human life begins; this earlier work paints Nature as a rich but less relevant background to sufferings and escapades caused by it but not merging therein. From this less inspired practice there are two divergences. The life and temper of Jim Hollomon are so completely entangled with the life and temper of non-human nature that he goes beyond even the personages of *The Pathway* and is himself barely human—a faun tortured and illumined by a man's soul. And, in an opposite direction, the school-scenes, admirable in themselves, jar us with a sense of something uncouthly artificial, like the urban characters that stray into Hardy's pastures and village churches.

Not only is this union of human with non-human life a somewhat heavy-handed mixture rather than a spiritual blending, Willie's love for birds and spring weather, for instance, being too conscious and articulate: the same immaturity can be observed in the other two elements of *The Beautiful Years*, its pathos and its humour. The story of Jim's love is beautiful and moving, but its sorrowful side is distressing, just because he is so like a marvellous animal: we feel it cruel in a novelist to treat like this a creature so inarticulate, whereas the tragedy of *The Pathway* is noble precisely because its hero is spiritually so alert. And the later rich, splendidly mature, humour is here replaced by a more superficial fun. Finally, the language is at times affected: such Latinisms as 'plumbean' and 'ranine' for 'leaden' and 'frog-like' are objectionable, and 'the snow freed from umbral thrall' is worse.

That is the sum of Mr Williamson's early faults, and most of these are faults only by comparison with his later achievement. As a rule, he writes a graceful and melodious prose, above all in the description of Jim Hollomon's arrival and life in the woods. The fun already mentioned is delicious: read of Jack's attempt to mend the stuffed stag's-head, Willie's affection for his home-made moleskin cap, or the football match that closed with a score of thirty-five goals to twenty. Nearly all the fun concerns boys, for boyish nature and habits form the main theme of the book, a theme handled with skill, sympathy, and sureness of touch. Willie exhibits a half-skinned stoat. 'I'm going to make a fur coat, I am. I shall want two hundred more, though. Tell Jim, will you?' 'Two hundred' is glorious, but the added question is a stroke of genius. On his bed-room door he puts a notice: 'Tierra del Fuego—Private'. Could anything be better? Equally good is the other side, a boy's hopeless inarticulateness in presence of elders out of tune with him: the interviews between Willie and his father are no less true than painful.

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SHORT NOTICES

THAT WORTHLESS FELLOW PLATONOV, by Anton Chekhov. Translated from the Russian by John Cournos (Dutton-Ryerson Press pp. 279; \$2.50).

It is difficult to imagine a stage presentation of this chaotic work, but at any rate it would be easier to follow than a reading. As far as I could gather, it is a queer mix-up of men and women, mostly idlers by profession and drunkards by habit. They wander on and off the stage and talk endlessly (as indeed why shouldn't they, as characters in a play?) But they say so little in all their talk and seem so loose-kneed and loose-lipped that one longs to tell one of them to hold himself straight, come to attention, and only speak when he has something to say. They even lie down, rather vaguely and futilely, on railway tracks and are pulled off just before the train goes by; they shoot at one another and miss, and would presumably go on doing these things *ad infinitum* if success didn't crown the efforts of Sofya at last and Platonov falls dead on the stage. But when all is done we feel in this hitherto unpublished play that here is Chekhov again, showing us life as he imagined it with all the stuffing knocked out, life falling over itself because it encountered no human strength to determine its character or course.

M. A. F.

ROGUE HERRIES, by Hugh Walpole (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 524; \$2.00).

Mr. Walpole has written a very big, or rather a very long novel this time. He has had a strong desire, one feels, to place a novel in Wordsworth's lake country to which he has recently lost his heart; he has also succumbed to a temptation to time it in Fielding's century; but his underlying urge was to give form and substance to the adumbration of a character that had begun to haunt him, as it has haunted others—the frustrated idealist, bogged to his loins in the mire but with his eyes on the stars, whose despair of the unattainable makes him smash or smirch everything within his reach. The best we can say of the book is that in so far as the country is concerned we feel that Mr. Walpole has caught and conveyed its character as well as any outsider could. His eighteenth-century atmosphere is less convincing, and his deliberately lavish

creation of new characters at every stage of his story peoples the bare Cumberland hills at a rate of growth that any of our prairie townships might envy. Indeed, these small fry so persistently crowd the central figure out of the picture that the tale becomes tedious, and remains so. The hero's family are the worst offenders; some fresh member of this full-blooded yet curiously sterile tribe is continually turning up, and the hounds of Mr. Walpole's fancy go off in full cry after each new red Herries that crosses the scent. Having doggedly ploughed after them over three hundred pages we had our reward in at last getting interested in Rogue Herries himself—only to be met at the beginning of the next chapter with 'The place has now come for David's story...'. David is a pleasant chap, but this is not the place for his story at all. It is perhaps not surprising that the old rogue remains an undeveloped, sentimental, and most unconvincing figure to the end. The poor fellow has not had a chance. But I am sure that Mr. Walpole could not create a proper rogue if he really tried. And, after all, why on earth should he bother trying? There are plenty of rogues nowadays writing novels themselves, and they give us the real thing.

R. DE B.

BLACK GENESIS, by Samuel Gaillard Stoney and Gertrude Mathews Shelby (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xxv, 192; \$4.00).

This addition to the rising tide of colour in literature includes two of the four main themes of literary treatment of the negro. The first of these is the animal story, humorously etiological, made familiar by the Uncle Remus tales. *Black Genesis* has at least one of the identical stories told in *Nights with Uncle Remus*, the explanation of 'Why the Alligator's Back is Rough'. A reading of these two affords a valuable basis for comparison. The story in *Black Genesis* is much more elaborately told and indicates less the expectation of a child audience.

Black Genesis is in Gullah, the dialect of the Coast and Sea Island negroes, which is used by Harris in the Daddy Jack series of tales in the Uncle Remus books, including the one just mentioned for comparison. A very welcome feature of the volume under review is the chapter on the Gullah dialect at the beginning. There is a glossary that is small but adequate.

The second theme is one which appears in literature only recently, that of the negro rendering of Biblical episodes. The approach in this book is very different from that employed for instance in *O' Man Adam an' His Children*, *O' King David an' the Philistine Boys*, and in *The Green Pastures*. It is more pagan, more consciously remote from the religious, less boisterously humorous, more primitive and at the same time more sophisticated.

Part of this sophistication lies with the compilers. For they have tried to combine animal and creation stories in cycles, with connecting links that one cannot help suspecting have a largely white origin. But Mr. DuBose Heyward gives the stamp of his approval in a Foreword, and one must bow to his opinion in the matter of negro authenticity, especially as to Gullah lore.

J. D. R.

MUKARA, by Muriel Bruce, (Henkle—Thos. Allen; pp. 278; \$2.50).

UKARA is an unusual novel. Although the first published volume of this Toronto writer, it is a creditable piece of work and one puts it down with regret, and an appetite gained for further knowledge of the amazing prehistoric civilization of the South American Andes which is here portrayed with skill and beauty.

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is a supposed mountain-top relic of the lost continent of Mu, a Pacific correlate of the better known Atlantis. The journey to the site of this incredible pre-Mayan civilization through jungle vicissitudes, by a party of four intrepid explorers (who had certain documentary evidence of its existence near the Brazil-Bolivia boundary) is the theme of the first part of the book; and it continues with their Arabian Night-like adventures, discoveries, and dangers encountered there, skillfully interwoven with a fairly plausible romance. A novel in general form, *Mukara* has at least some degree of anthropological, archaeological, and physico-chemical interest (for these are the scientific interests of the explorers) and, in a sense, religious affinities.

One would like to quote more or less extensively to give some idea of the crisp and finished style of the author. One would like too to introduce the 'magic' of the fairy-tale world which is an integral part of the ancient culture of the people of Mu and finally, venture a word or two of criticism. From considerations of space we substitute a paragraph from the back of the jacket;

A tremendous conflict for control of the Kingdom of Mu, in which a handsome young adventurer is used as a pawn in the game; a dramatic battle between the citizens of Mu and an army of Amazons; temple services of barbaric splendor; architectural wonders of surpassing beauty; these are but a small part of the fascination of *Mukara*.

What surprises us is that our author's acute perception did not prevent her from putting into the mouths of her British characters occasional colloquialisms of this continent; this is almost the only jarring note in rather a beautiful symphony of words: and it obviously could not be explained through the connection of the expedition with the U.S. syndicate which is represented as financing it.

If this original book—based as it is on notes on the former Brazilian expeditions of Colonel P. H. Fawcett, who never returned from his last trip in 1924—meets with the success it deserves, Miss Bruce should be encouraged to write a sequel based on the further adventures of the two left behind in *Mukara* for a seven-year period. Meanwhile she is due the congratulations of all those interested in the possibilities of romanticizing scientific discovery through its transformation in a vivid imagination and a subtle craftsmanship.

J. F. D.

FAMOUS HOUSES AND LITERARY SHRINES OF LONDON, By A. St. John Adcock, with fifty-nine illustrations by Frederick Adcock. (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp.287; \$1.50).

A truly charming and friendly book! This is just the kind of thing you expect, but vastly better; the publishers are to be congratulated and thanked on reprinting it. Paper, ink, binding, and jacket may be as new as you please—the instant you open it, and wherever, you breathe the air found in no other spot on earth, the air of a great city that is yet homelike, dignified yet quaint, saturated with centuries of civilization and deep culture yet unaffected and welcoming. In Paris you cannot forget the Revolution, in Rome you cannot forget the Caesars; London is a deathless blend of the noble and the trivial—of Burke and beefsteak pies, of Charles the First and area-railings, today (alas!) also of a mighty empire streaked and beshotten with the current negroid miasma. But the last finds no place here: it is London that knows nothing of jazz, the cinema, or even the telephone—an English London. These delightful drawings reinforce, with just the right unobtrusive mellowness, a thousand seductive descriptions and anecdotes, from which I will cite but one, for it seems little known. Mr Adcock tells of Shakespeare's residence, for at least six years, with the Mountjoy family, in the course of which he took an amusingly active part in the daughter's marriage and later gave evidence in a law-suit over Mountjoy's will. 'From these depositions, and from those of other witnesses who make reference to him, one gets the first clear and authentic revelation of Shakespeare's home life in London.' Ten of his plays were written during his sojourn in that house. This is a book to read and re-read, to absorb and pore over: every page breathes fragrance.

G. N.

STUDIES IN LITERATURE; Third Series. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 264; \$3.00).

Most of us are by now familiar with the unique, highly responsible and enviable position among teachers of English occupied by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch: a practised and delightful writer; a student of notably wide reading; a graceful speaker, an accomplished, experienced, and sagacious citizen of the world; he comes near the ideal exponent of English literature to eager undergraduates. His latest volume is no less welcome than its predecessors and will be read everywhere not only with solid profit but with that relish usually reserved for inspiring conversation. Perhaps the solidest study is that on Coventry Patmore, the most fascinating that on Shakespeare's comedies. Quotation would rather spoil the gracious effect of the whole, which is curiously redolent in the same instant both of the

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library and of the piercing loveliness that suffuses an English countryside in summer. But I will point to the comparison between Burke and Brougham, the remark on Prospero's watch, and above all the indications of Dorothy Wordsworth's influences upon Coleridge and her brother.

G. N.

GREAT MODERN SHORT STORIES, edited by Grant Overton (The Modern Library; MacMillans in Canada; pp. 371; \$1.00).

There is always room for another collection of short stories. This is not at all a bad one. There are four really good stories and one great one in the eleven pressed between the attractive blue covers of the Modern Library's new pocket binding. Sherwood Anderson's *I'm A Fool*, Somerset Maugham's *The Letter*, D. H. Lawrence's *Prussian Officer*, and Galsworthy's *The Apple Tree*, along with one of Conrad's best, are well worth a dollar by themselves. The collection is typically modern, in the literary sense, in that the common thread running through it is a feeling of frustration. If the volume seems unbalanced it is because the editor included and gave first place to *Heart of Darkness*; the little manuscripts that follow trail after it like the tail of a sombrely gorgeous kite.

R. DE B.

POETRY AT PRESENT, by Charles Williams (Oxford University Press; pp. ix. 216; \$2.25).

ABOUT ENGLISH POETRY, by G. F. Bradby (Oxford University Press; pp. 78; 75 cents).

Mr. Charles Williams writes as a poet and a lover of poetry, and must not be confused with the commoner type of critic who writes from the outside. Perhaps he goes a little too far in the other direction and refuses to organize his opinions sufficiently. He gives us his mind in scraps. Certainly this is the impression—penetrating, witty, rigorous at times, but uneven, hit-or-miss. When he tells us that Kipling 'is the nearest to a Mohammedan poet that the English have produced,' he gives us our money's worth in a sentence; but he cannot go on at this pitch. In short, a book to be read gratefully for its *aperçus*. Mr. Bradby's little essay may be commended to any who feel vaguely drawn to poetry without knowing what to do about it. He will give them a sound start on the right road.

B. F.

JOAQUIN MILLER AND HIS OTHER SELF, by Harr Wagner (Harr Wagner, San Francisco).

It is novel and refreshing to read a book like this, after having gone the round of the elaborate biographies which have lately been published in all the literary centers and translated into various languages. Harr Wagner has not written the history of this poet in order to give himself a pretext to outline a personal philosophy, or to express his own reactions toward life through the prism of the personality of his subject. If we gather some opinion of the temperament and views of the author, this grows out of the biography itself and of the impression it makes as to its perfect integrity and authenticity. An observer of the spiritual wanderings of Joaquin Miller, and of his many escapades, Harr Wagner is an old fashioned *raconteur* who does away with 'literature', and whose smile is contagious when he is just about to give away one more intimate story of this colourful and lovable son of a worthy Quaker pioneer.

The book is written in a simple style and it is filled with the candour which was the outstanding trait of Joaquin Miller. The phraseology of a subtle psychoanalyst does not prevail here nor is the presentation of the 'complex' of Miller, when it deals with his supreme interest in women, written in a language which reminds one of any contemporary writer. How forceful, direct, and fresh this 'plain talk' is, and what could be more complete than this very matter-of-fact statement? 'The senses of touching, tasting, smelling, hearing, and seeing were radiant, vibrant, masterful, dominating when he (Miller) was in a group of women'.

A condensed biography of Joaquin Miller, a good bibliography of his works, and a well presented index, plus a series of photographs illustrating the story of the life of the poet are substantial additions to the book.

J. B. S.

THE NEW WOODCUT, by Malcolm C. Salaman (Studio Special Number; Wrappers, 7/6; Cloth, 10/6).

This is a very interesting special number of *The Studio* containing nearly two hundred modern woodcuts from various nations. England is adequately represented both in numbers and quality, and it is interesting that many of the best prints are by women. Am-

erica's contribution is disappointing for some reason, and Canada's also. Our own country shows only eight prints, but Edwin Holgate's 'Totems', is one of the best in the book. Most of our Canadian painters seem too impatient to go through the practical process of cutting and printing wood-blocks though it would probably be good for them.

There are many really profound and lasting works of art in this collection, often compressed within a very few square inches—yet full of feeling. It is a successful book and after looking through it you want to try making woodcuts directly.

T. M.

WOMEN HAVE TOLD, Studies in the Feminist Tradition by Amy Wellington (Little Brown and Co.—McClelland & Stewart; pp. 204; \$2.50).

This is an interesting magazine article expanded unhappily into a book. To extract any one ism from a number of writers as varied as Emily Bronte, Mary Wollstonecraft, May Sinclair, Rebecca West, Olive Schreiner, and Ellen Glasgow, is all very well for a short suggestive essay, but to attempt it in a book is to court dullness, if not disaster. If we know these authors already we shall hardly recognize their many-sided human nature in these pages; if they are strangers to us we shall find them as champions of a cause unattractive and common place.

M. A. F.

AMERICAN SHORT STORIES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, edited by John Cournos (J. M. Dent and Sons; pp. xvi. and 372; 55 cents).

This is a model collection: The twenty stories selected by Mr. Cournos are not only very good in themselves but, taken in historical order, give a good illustration of the course of a literary type in which America has been significant and original. But one wonders why, with writers like Carl Van Doren and F. L. Pattee still writing introductions, the editor of *Everyman's Library* should have snapped his finger for Mr. Cournos who knows the short story but is no better versed than the rest of us in American literature. What he tells us is clear and sensible, however; and he emulates far too many *Everyman* editors in disappearing before he has told us half of what we want to know.

E. K. B.

The Canadian Forum, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is not at present paying for material.



The FORUM BOOKSHELF

BOOK I. ARGUMENT.

The Librarian introduces himself to the readers of *The Canadian Forum* and tells something of his plans.

Last night I saw along a country road
A chain of jewelled flames which, closely knit,
Evening drew shimmering through her fingers pale—
A world on wheels—a world of hurrying lights
Plunging through all the unknown mysteries
Of darkness. And they read upon the sky
Only the fiery words that held aloft
The merits of the grosser things of life,
Suspenders, cigarettes and motor tires.
A world too busy far to stop and think!
"Surely" methought, "I best shall serve my race
"By luring their speed-maddened minds to dwell
"On the nobler joys of contemplation."
Straight to *Canadian Forum* readers then
I made my way, knowing their high-souled zeal
For all the finer, rarer things of life.
You to my sacred treasure-cave I summon
To share with me my bibliophilic fare;
Sweeter the dust of aged volumes read
In peace, than dust upon the kings highway.

BOOK II. ARGUMENT.

The Librarian tells readers of *The Canadian Forum* of a few unusual opportunities he has chanced to discover.

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Or in morocco, at "The Shakespeare Head"
From the First Folio: by the Artist signed
(Charles Ricketts, A.R.A., Thomas Lowinsky
Or Albert Rutherston) by Granville Barker
And the Art Editor; and limited
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Formerly seventy-five now thirty dollars
(Through me, your servant and your editor's)
Per book—*The Merchant, Cymbeline, Macbeth*
Alike available. The artists here
Attempt to reproduce with utmost care
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And Granville Barker introduces each
With wisdom, wit and sympathy. Or should
Your purse not run to this most sure investment
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These titles: *Julius Caesar* or *King Lear*,
Love's Labour's Lost, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*
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From me for ten unworthy dollar bills,
Or for two fives, or for one ten. Indeed
This is the loveliest thing that e'er I looked on.
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Though beggary stalked, a spectre, through my mind;
Nor have I once regretted, for I feed
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BOOK III. ARGUMENT.

The Librarian bids the readers of *The Canadian Forum* a brief adieu.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN BOOKS

JUNGLING IN JASPER, by Lawrence J. Burpee (Graphic Publishers; pp. 200; \$3.50).

THE DISCOVERY OF CANADA, by Lawrence J. Burpee (Graphic Publishers; pp. 96;).

EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA. Addresses 1929 (T. H. Best; pp. 380).

MUKARA, by Muriel Bruce (Henkle—Thos. Allen; pp. 278; \$2.50).

GENERAL

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GENTLEMAN AND OTHER ESSAYS, by S. C. Roberts (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 131; \$1.75).

FAMOUS WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS. J. S. SARGEANT The Studio; pp. 6 and 8 plates; 5/-).

FAMOUS SPORTING PRINTS. BOXING. (The Studio; pp. 2 and 8 plates; 5/-).

THE NEW WOODCUT, by Malcolm C. Salaman (The Studio; pp. 176; 7/6).

BLACK GENESIS, by Samuel Gaillard Stoney and Gertrude Mathews Shelby (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xxix, 192; \$4.00).

THE MEETING PLACE AND OTHER STORIES, by J. D. Beresford (Faber & Faber; pp. 410; 7/6).

THE BIOGRAPHY OF PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG, by Rudolph Weterstetten and A. M. K. Watson (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 276; \$2.50).

THE LATER YEARS OF THOMAS HARDY 1892-1928, by Florence Emily Hardy (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 286; \$6.00).

FLORENTINE SCULPTORS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, by Rt. Hon. W. Ormsby Gore (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 154; \$2.25).

FAMOUS SHIPWRECKS, by Frank H. Shaw (Elkin Mathews & Marrot — Irwin & Gordon; pp. 378; \$3.75).

AMERICAN SPEECHES, by the Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald (Cape—Nelson; pp. 157; \$1.00).

AFRICA AND SOME WORLD PROBLEMS, by General J. C. Smuts (Oxford University Press; pp. 184; \$2.25).

hardy annuals as Home Russell's 'Clam Diggers', Coburn's 'Two Plugs', and De Belle's 'Dream Children', it seems strange that the widely diversified work of the Group should appear to the critic as monotonous and as all coming from the same brush.

If Mr. Powell was only expressing a personal opinion, this would not be worth reprinting, but, I believe he reflects with remarkable sensitiveness the general feeling of Montreal in matters of art.

Yours, etc.,

S. W. STEWART.

FROM THE MONTREAL STAR, BY S. MORGAN-POWELL.
MAY 8th, 1930

THE SCHOOL OF SEVEN

The School of Seven, as the group of Ontario artists who claim to be interpreters of the true spirit of the Canadian landscape call themselves, augmented for the occasion by fourteen other artists whom they have invited to exhibit with them, are giving an exhibition of paintings and drawings in the galleries of the Art Association of Montreal.

The outstanding feature of the exhibition is the monotony of the pictures shown. Most of them appear to be done in the same style, and a casual observer might be excused for thinking that most came from the same brush. These lumpy hills and mountains, these startlingly bumpy rocks, these tortured, twisted and blasted tree stumps, these incredibly brilliant lakes and amazingly substantial snows, they do not seem to belong to Canada. And as a matter of fact, they do not belong to Canada. They are the exclusive property of the school of Seven.

One is impressed by the slovenly drawing in many pictures. In some instances, it cannot be denied that it is crude, painfully crude. The idea of drawing as a child draws may be a fascinating one with which to experiment, but that is not the sort of drawing that carries conviction, or that is in any sense conducive to beauty of expression. Edwin Holgate, the latest outstanding recruit of the group, evidently has not yet become converted to all their theories, for his two nudes reveal both sound draughtsmanship and sound composition. Clashing hues and distorted perspectives have not yet made their appeal to him.

Some of the pictures hung reveal very distinct ability in the treatment of light. But that alone will never make a picture, though it may serve to indicate possibilities. The general impression made by the average canvas done by the Group of Seven and their adherents is one of gloom, creating a most unwelcome and unpleasant atmosphere of depression, from which one escapes into the open air and the sunlight feeling that it is a thousand pities artists who have some ability should waste it in the effort to paint a Canada nobody knows and nobody would want to recognize even if they did know it.



The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM
Sir:

May I recount some personal experience to lend additional illustration to Mr. Steinhauer's article 'Why we have no great Canadian Scholars' in the June issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM? Writing of the PhD in American Universities (and there are twelve hundred Canadians studying in the United States), Mr. Steinhauer says that the successful candidate in Modern Languages must have wasted a great deal of time studying 'Old English or Old French or Old German Philology.' Last autumn the writer entered one of the two or three most widely known American Universities in the Eastern States, intending to enrol for the Doctorate, and if possible to study English Literature at the same time. It was not possible. He was told by the Professor who supervised his programme of study that the special requirements for a Doctorate in English were a knowledge of Middle English dialects, History of the English Language, Anglo-Saxon, Beowulf, Gothic, Teutonic Philology, Old French, Romance Philology. He was further informed

that the English Department requested, although it did not compel, the student to take additional work in Romance Philology. Some study of Chaucer was recommended, evidence no doubt of a laudable interest in modern literature on the part of the Faculty. Other traces of modernism were not lacking. For instance there were courses in Comparative Literature. I cite a typical one 'For Graduates and Undergraduates; English 6; The Literary History of England, its relation to Ireland and the Continent, from the beginning to the Norman Conquest.' There was also a course on Shakespeare. In it the plays were studied as specimens of Elizabethan English.

Yours etc.,

LEONARD A. GILBERT.

THE EDITOR, THE CANADIAN FORUM,
Sir:-

I enclose an article by S. Morgan Powell from the Montreal Star on an exhibition recently held in Montreal by the Group of Seven.

In a city where the high water mark in native art is marked by such

LET - IT - BE - CANADA - THIS - SUMMER



Banff will be gay this season

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Visit Banff this summer—climb, ride, ramble, golf, play tennis, swim, and at night, dance in the great ball-room to a suave orchestra. There are concert artists for your entertainment and a series of thrills like the Highland Gathering and the Indian Days spread over the Season. Lake Louise is only 40 miles away.

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THE LITTLE THEATRES

UKRAINIAN THEATRE IN CANADA

EVER since the advent of Christianity to Ukraine, drama among the Ukrainians has been an indispensable part of their existence. It originated with the priests in propagation of the new faith, Christianity, for the purpose of better explanation of morality and spiritualism to the slow-functioning mind of the pagan, who could not easily grasp the meaning of the mysteries of omnipotent God.

In the eleventh century, the 'dyaks', who were the deacons of the church, and at the same time the teachers of the children in the Ukrainian hamlets, began making up sketches and little scenes, taken from the biblical teachings, and presenting them on improvised platforms to the awed people. Each one of those little playlets would end with the philosopher of the play propounding his own version of the moral derived from the presentation.

During the reign of the Cossacks in Ukraine, these presentations reached enormous proportions, and the Cossacks themselves added greatly to the organization of the theatre, with their wide-spread experiences in their adventurous wars in foreign parts. Old Cossacks who had been disabled in some war, would organize and go from place to place telling of their experiences, living over the fights of yesterday. Some of them, who had been blinded by Turks or Tartars, would take to the musical instruments called 'bandura' or 'kobza', and go through villages playing their instruments, and singing 'dumas', or narratives of their life.

After the division of Ukraine into provinces which fell under Russian, Polish, and Austrian domination, the theatrical presentations were suppressed for some time. In Austria they were revived again after the liberation from slavery, but in Russia, they were suppressed until after the uprising of 1905. Russian travelling theatrical groups could not gain any popularity in Ukraine, because to the Ukrainians, the plays they put on were strange and lacking of life, of the spirit of their own traditions. In time, some Ukrainian lovers of the theatre, who played with the Russian troupes in Ukraine, began to

write Ukrainian plays. First of the modern dramas, and probably the most effective, to this day, was Kotlarevsky's *Natalka-Poltavka*. A drama of the girl whose lover had been sent away by her father and for many years did not return, while her mother was trying to marry her off to an old man, saying that even if her lover did return, he, being poor, would not be a good match for her. At the critical moment the lover does return, and the old man, though it is in his power to compel the girl to marry him, resigns his place to the younger and more handsome man. Those of the Ukrainians who have done most to revive the Ukrainian theatre are; Kropyvnytsky, Tobilevitch, Sadovsky, Sakhsahansky, Zankovetska, and Stadnyk. Sadovsky is still active on the Ukrainian stage, though the Soviet Government have placed a ban on all of his presentations which might show the traditions or the former glory of the Cossacks, or the independent Ukraine.

Ukrainians in Canada, being occupied in shops and factories in earning a living, though they attend the presentations at the theatres, drama, and films, are not satisfied with them, because everything shown is strange to them. Settings are strange, actions are different, endings are nearly always joyous, and there is a lack of reality in the movies. They long for a glimpse of something that would remind them of their former home, places that would bring to their minds their happy moments spent in childhood. It is the same feeling that brings old people to the scenes of their youth, the old schoolhouse and school-days, the swimming hole, and the fishing places; the old Ukrainian customs that vary greatly from the customs of this country, the old traditions that tell of brave deeds of their ancestors, the misery they had to put up with in the old country, and the joys they lived over, the songs their mothers sang to them when they were in their cradles, and the dances they have seen and danced in the old country to the tunes that were free of jazz, that were full of melody and plaintiveness, that showed the soul, the spirit of the people in their joy and their misery.

All that is lacking to the Ukrainian

mind in the presentation of the modern drama in the Canadian theatres, is taken care of in their own theatrical offerings which they enjoy and support. Men and women, working all day in the factory, come to their clubs and society hall in the evening and there rehearse the plays to present at the week-end. Every Saturday night they give a presentation of some kind; drama, comedy, concert, or operetta. And some of them are simply born actors. With some refinement, and given an opportunity, they no doubt would gain popularity on the Canadian stage. They do all this not because of benefit derived from it for themselves. None of them receive any remuneration for it; they do it because they love it, because they see it is lacking on the Canadian stage, and most of all, because it tends to point out the moral, expound the right and the wrong way of living, and promote better fellowship and better social life.

The Ukrainian People's Home in Toronto, has been putting on presentations since its organization in 1916. For a long time they had to hire the theatres and halls where these plays could be put on, but since last year, they have acquired their own building at 191 Lippincott Street, and here, every Saturday night, they play some kind of drama, comedy, or operetta. They have their own scenery and props, their own costumes, their orchestra and choir, all of them working people. Work is distributed among the members, so that each branch of the production is taken care of by a person assigned to it.

Similar to the Ukrainian People's Home, organizations exist throughout Canada. Winnipeg, having the greatest Ukrainian population in Canada, is naturally a centre for their activities.

All these organizations could be presented in the same activities with:—

I am the spirit of the past
I am the song, I am the dance
I sing of everyday life, of love
of sorrow, of joy,
The brave deeds, the glory, the past
life of my people.
I laugh in my sorrow, I cry in my
joy.
I dance, I sing, I play.
But I do not sing of hate . . . I am
the soul of Ukraine.

P. W. KOOTOW.

* * *

A LITTLE THEATRE BOOK

Kenneth Macgowan's *Footlights Across America* (Harcourt Brace) is a book of facts about the Little Theatre.

and probably the first attempt to give an objective treatment to a subject that badly needs to be freed from fogs of theory and misguided enthusiasm.

But the work is no mere compilation. It traces the decay of the road company and the reasons for the present state of the professional theatre in general, sketches the history of the Little Theatre in Europe and America, offers a mass of well-organized data on the same as now flourishing in this Continent, and ventures into the future with reasonable prognostications anent the development of a national theatre from existing conditions.

To us in Canada perhaps the most startling feature of this book is the fact that it has something to say about theatre activities in no less than fifty-five universities and colleges in the United States. Courses in dramatic art, production, and play-writing are to be found in most institutions of any standing, especially if they are concerned in the training of teachers, and several have already given rise to a considerable body of dramatic literature. It may be mentioned in passing that there is said to be a tendency in these schools to let the acting and diction fall behind the ancillary technique of staging and lighting, a danger that is not negligible in the work of some of our own junior theatres.

Chapter VII deals with the question of professionalizing the amateur theatre. 'The history of the successful little theatre', says Mr. Macgowan, 'is a progress from amateurism to professionalism by slow stages'. The little theatre must eventually choose between providing 'an opportunity for self-expression of many people', and 'producing creditable productions worthy of the admission paid': these were the alternatives offered in one item of a questionnaire answered by 114 organizations, only 19 of which voted outright for self-expression. The author cites instances of famous American theatres that have gone professional, and concludes that the professionalizing of the community theatre is a logical and inevitable development in the larger cities. It is hard to guess whether this logic holds for our own conditions, but there is always the analogy of football, which is forced by the paying public to an ever-rising standard of efficiency, and there is the example of the Abbey Theatre, among others in Europe.

It would be easy to go on indefinitely citing and summarizing from this most admirable book, but it must suf-

fice to say that there is a mass of material, including statistical tables, that cannot fail to be helpful to producers, and that everyone concerned

with the working of a Little Theatre should at least know about it, and preferably own it.

R. K. H.

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